

JOHN BULL

Vol. V. No. 127.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903.

ONE PENNY.

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

For meaning of this number
see page III. of Cover.

No. 323224



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*
—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SPLENDID! THANKS!!

One does not hear this or a similar expression of glad feeling as often as one could wish, and its absence is frequently due to man's dilatoriness in exercising a proper care for his health. The habit of procrastination is strong in human nature. A slight indisposition, a feeling of being a bit "below par," is given very little heed to, with the result that alarming symptoms often ensue. It is a truism that most sickness takes its rise in indigestion, or a torpid state of the Liver and Bowels, conditions where

BEECHAM'S PILLS

may be depended upon with absolute confidence to effect a cure. Therefore, never permit the trouble to gain a hold upon your constitution—check it at the outset. Whether it be a case of Indigestion—Biliousness—Constipation—or an Anæmic and impure state of the blood—you should at once set about fortifying yourself by entering upon a course of BEECHAM'S PILLS. All sensations of depression and undue fatigue will disappear—your energies will speedily revive—you will regain all your lost vigour—and ere long you will join with tens of thousands in saying that for "putting one right" Beecham's Pills

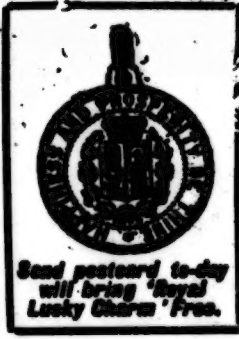
DESERVE ALL PRAISE.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (50 pills), and 2/9 (100 pills).

EASY TO WIN.

£1,000 CASH.

MYSTIC BLOCK CONTEST.



CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARD FREE. £10,000 Xmas Gifts. FREE.

SEND NO MONEY.

You can gain a Cash Prize and one of our other valuable prizes for selling our PENNY XMAS CARDS. We give away valuable Watches, Photographs, Bikes, Diamond Rings, Musical Instruments, Real Silver Hall Marked Umbrellas, Cutlery, Silverware, and many other presents from Our Xmas Catalogue, and it need not cost you one penny of your own money. Send us your name and address, and we will send you per return of post the "Royal Lucky Charm" and 12 beautiful Penny Beautiful Xmas and New Year Post Cards and Society Greeting Cards, heavily Gold Mounted and Hand Painted. If you cannot use or sell all of the 12 Cards, remit for what you have sold within 30 days. We will reward you according to Our Xmas Catalogue, and even if you do not sell a single card you can keep the "Royal Lucky Charm" for yourself, and with the "Royal Lucky Charm" and Xmas Cards you will receive full particulars of the £1,000 Cash Mystic Block Contest. We will also give you the opportunity to obtain from us a solid gold Watch, Bicycle and Sewing Machine, any one is worth ten guineas. Send postcard at once to—



ASTE & CO. (Dept. 6), 85, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.

Write to-day for
"JOHN BULL'S"

Selection of Free Patterns

(please ask for these required)

and Illustrated Booklet

FOR
CITY MEN.

OVERCOATS,
RAINCOATS,
EVENING
SUITS,
CITY
SUITS.



COME AND SEE
OUR SHOW WINDOWS.

FINE tailoring can only be secured from the hands of high-class tailors—our experience and methods are certainly worth investigation. We employ the best of workmen, and our Tailoring is without doubt the most carefully made in the City. Materials are smart and decidedly different from what you can see in every shop, and we know if you give us an opportunity of showing you what we have that we will enroll you on our list of permanent customers.

CLAYTON'S,

Masters of the Art of Tailoring
32, FENCHURCH ST., E.C.

(Near Mining Lane.)

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COMING DEVELOPMENTS IN ENGLISH BANKING

The history of English Banking affords one of the most interesting studies of modern times.

Great credit is due to those men who have successfully established and built up on a solid foundation these great money emporiums.

Those in control of our London Banks recognise that no enterprise or industry can remain stationary—it must either progress or decay.

New sections of Banking have to be created, and the increasing requirements of customers specially and carefully catered for.

One of the most recent departures is the introduction of Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques, which are destined to eventually take the place of travellers' letters of credit.

The Mercantile Bank of London, established sixteen years ago, has introduced these cheques in a particularly attractive form, inasmuch as they can be made out for any amount from 6d. upwards, and are of equal convenience to a Postal Order.

The Prospectus just issued by this Bank is worth attention and study, dealing as it does very fully and minutely with the increased benefits and advantages that can now be secured by Country customers with London Banks. The question of Current Accounts for small Traders is dealt with, also the varied point of interests on deposits. The issue of Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques is fully discussed and explained, and a chapter devoted to Banking Profits and the Public is well worth the careful perusal of those who have banking accounts or contemplate opening a banking account in London.

A copy of this Prospectus will be forwarded Post Free on mentioning
JOHN BULL to THE SECRETARY,

THE
MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON LTD.,

King's House, King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Established 15 years.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. V. No. 127.

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One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

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Mr. Lloyd George is in a very tight place.

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We are glad to hear that the Government has carried out our suggestion of sending a representative to Montenegro, whose friendliness towards this country deserves a better return than that which it has recently received. The point to remember about the situation in the Near East is that Montenegro conquered and occupied a large portion of Herzegovina during the last Russo-Turkish war, and was made to give it up by the Treaty of Berlin. Montenegro, therefore, has a distinct claim to compensation. Serbia, on the other hand, was squashed when she made war with Turkey, and we see no reason why she should receive an increase of territory, particularly when her own Government at home is so unsatisfactory. While she is clamouring for advantages we shall do well to remember that it will be perfectly easy to square her by agreeing to receive Peter Karageorgevitch at any one of the Courts of Europe.

We have never been enamoured of Keir Hardie, but we are bound to confess that when it comes to the test he stands out head and shoulders above most of the other Labour men. His speech in the Unemployed

debate was a brilliant performance, and but for the somewhat Graysonian threats with which it concluded would have left a profound impression on the House—which simply won't be bullied. There is more in Keir than we thought. He is still the leader of the Party.

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By the way, it was funny to see the Labour men indignantly protesting against Mr. Burns' slur upon the workers when he said that by spending less on drink they could easily insure against unemployment—whilst a few hours earlier, and later, when the Licensing Bill was under consideration, they applauded similar sentiments to the echo.

Mr. Robert Blatchford, editor of the *Clarion*, is a clever man, and nobody doubts his sincerity. He is a firebrand, has always been a firebrand, and will always be a firebrand. He has never given any quarter, and we take it, therefore, that he wants none. At Birmingham the other day he said that nothing remains to be done with the House of Commons except to insult it. He quoted the Sermon on the Mount to show that it contains no word applicable to Parliament. "Therefore," he said, "they are damned. See to it, men and women, that they are." Curiously enough, in looking into the Sermon on the Mount, we also find no word applicable to Mr. Bob Blatchford. Therefore Bob is damned. See to it, men and women, that he is. And yet no; not yet. As the good Cervantes has said, there is a time for some things and a time for all things. Bob may wait his turn.

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Our attention is called to an advertisement for "good-looking girls for pantomime, London and Provinces, salary 18s. per week, no premium required." It is quite obvious that it is impossible for any girl to live respectably on such a salary whilst travelling in the Provinces and we are asked to issue a warning in regard to the matter. The usual salary is £1 15s. to £2, and it would be interesting to know how the advertisers in this case propose that the girls should make up the difference.

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The *Mail* has had to pay dearly for its whistle. Probably no campaign ever carried on against private persons or private interests by any newspaper in this country has had so disastrous a result as that Soap business. It paid £50,000 to Lever's. It has now had to pay £23,000 to Cook's, with substantial thousands in addition to dispose of the action against the *Mirror*. It paid thousands of pounds to Watson's, Crosfield's, and no doubt a number of other firms, to settle out of court. All journals are open to actions for libel. Some are just actions. Others are the black-mailing actions of speculative solicitors. What amazes us is that, whatever the motives of our contemporary in lashing up public indignation against these various soap firms, the facts behind their agitation should have been so attenuate. In no instance have they attempted to justify, by putting their men into the witness box, a single thing they said. They fired their guns and ran away. We cannot think, in the light of the exceptionally heavy damages they have had to pay all round, that they would have been more salted if they had made a fight for it. They might, indeed, have been salted rather less, for juries do not like the libeller who has not the courage to either apologise or justify. It looks as if there were behind this soap campaign motives which would not bear exposure, and persons who feared the light. However, the *Mail* pays, and there's an end. It is rich enough to stand the strain. In the case of almost any other paper (excepting JOHN BULL and the *Daily Telegraph*, of course), the tale would have been told in utter extinction.

May we inquire whether the *Daily Mail* is now owned by the State? The reason we ask is that the other day it despatched a telegraphic *communiqué* to the Turkish newspapers requesting them to assure the people of the Ottoman Empire that nothing shall be done with Great Britain's consent to endanger the constitution and integrity of Turkey; that the question of opening the Dardanelles shall not be raised at the projected conference of the Powers; and that Great Britain will refuse her assent to any proposal affecting the future of Crete that does not meet with the approval of Turkey. Our contemporary should now despatch a message to the man in the moon assuring him that if Austria or Bulgaria tries to steal his bundle of sticks or his green cheese, Great Britain will immediately mobilise her military forces and blow all the Austrians and Bulgars into a mere geographical expression.

The London County Council have found a way of settling the Free Trade v. Protection tangle once and for all. A Belgian firm sent in a tender for L.C.C. tramway rails. The tender of a British firm, though £2,824 higher, was accepted; and doubtless the Belgian firm will regard the business as hard lines. But, you see, the L.C.C. wants to set a good example by buying things (with the money of the ratepayers) in the dearest market. As a solution of the fiscal question, nothing could be more simple or more cosy. Let nobody buy anything made abroad and offered for sale in England at any price, and let everybody buy everything made in England for sale in England at any price. Gentlemen, the discussion is now closed. All you have to do is to adopt the system. Business may commence at once.

Before the county magistrates at Bury the other day a man was charged with begging from door to door. He had already been up before the court 27 times, and the policeman on the beat described him as "a proper nuisance"; meaning, of course, an improper one. This being the case, the sentence was 5s. and costs, or seven days' hard. Before the borough magistrates at Bury a day or two previously, "one of the unemployed, of no fixed abode," was also charged with begging; that is to say, he had asked two or three people in the

streets to assist him "as he was hard up." Once before he had been charged with a similar offence. He got a month's hard, and no option. We suggest that the county and borough magistrates of Bury should put their heads together with a view to settling a consistent begging tariff. In the alternative, the next time "one of the unemployed with no fixed abode" is hard up, he is hereby advised to do his begging in the county.

Somehow, one magistrate leads to another; it was ever thus. From Bury we proceed to Lowestoft. The local Bench of that godly fishing port and seaside resort have refused permission to the manager of the local Hippodrome and the manager of the local Public Hall to hold Sunday concerts. The latter manager has carried on these concerts for some time, but his programme has quite upset the moral equilibrium of his worship the Mayor. A policeman went into the box and described the programme. It consisted of a song and animated pictures. The song was "Love me and the world is mine." The pictures consisted of "The Child's Prayer," "The Marathon Race," "Scenes from West Africa," with soldiers and nigger boys wrestling and dancing (common at missionary entertainments), "Romeo and Juliet," in which, as the policeman put it, "seven men were killed with swords and a man took poison over a girl's body" (Shakespearean criticism as understood in the police force), and a picture entitled, "Oh, that cat!" It should be added also that smoking was permitted. "Shocking!" commented one of the magistrates, and "shocking" being the word, there will be no more Sunday concerts. The men and women who patronised them, however, are at liberty to lounge aimlessly about the streets, or help to fill the pubs, and give the police a job or two for Monday morning. Would the Lowestoft magistrates like to try a few of our famous biscuits?

Mr. George Robey has been arousing great enthusiasm at the Oxford Music Hall by referring to JOHN BULL in connection with the Abode of Love. When the applause had come to an end, he remarked that a number of our shareholders were evidently present. We can quite believe that he was perfectly right.

You pay your money and you take your choice:—

The "Pall Mall."

The "Star."

Mr. Churchill said that according to his information, there was at present more unemployment in this country than in Germany.

"There is more unemployment in Germany than in this country."—Mr. Churchill, in reply to questions in the Commons this afternoon.

And here's another instance:—

Daily Express.

Daily Mirror.

JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

MEASURED IN COURT.

... The tailor produced a book containing measurements for the suit.

A man sued by a tailor denied that he had ever had a suit from the plaintiff.

"Have you your tape with you?" inquired Judge Smyly.

The tailor thereupon produced his book measurements, and, at the request

"Run it over him." The measurements taken did not correspond with those in the book, and the judge at once dismissed the case with costs.

of the Judge, measured the man in court. As the measurements corresponded judgment was given for the tailor.

One of the traps in which the unwary are frequently caught is that of buying house property from speculative builders upon the two-thirds mortgage system. There is a class of builders and also of attorneys who make a speciality of this practice. Some retired clerk or tradesman, having a few hundred pounds saved up, is attracted by a specious advertisement into purchasing a jerry-built house—usually at a high ground rent—and paying a third of the price down. Within twelve months the money is called in, the property put up for sale—the time and place of sale being carefully selected

by the mortgagee—when, in nine cases out of ten, it fails to realise more than the amount due, with the result that it again passes into the possession of the builder or the lawyer, ready to be negotiated on similar lines with another victim. Every person who buys a house on these terms should make a point of seeing that there is a covenant not to call in the mortgage within three or five years.

Apropos Civil Service waste, a correspondent informs us that Sir Wm. Preece and Sir John Gavey, late engineers-in-chief to the General Post Office, draw full pay in their retirement, as against the two-thirds to which Civil servants are entitled. The additional third is, apparently, made up of "consultation fees." At the present time the office of engineer-in-chief is costing the country about £6,000 a year, arrived at as follows:—two chiefs at full pay in retirement, one on the active list and three assistants. One of the assistants draws £800 or £900 a year, and has been occupied for several weeks in the examination of 20 or 30 junior clerks for two vacant appointments in the next higher class—involving an immediate rise of £5 a year! Is not it time that a few business men took the government of the country in hand?

There is a nice little row going on between the Dockers' Union and the Labour Party. Our independent friend Ben Tillett, the Secretary of the Dockers', has written protesting against the alliance of Labour men with the Liberal Party—it being a fundamental principle that there shall be no active and formal co-operation with any Party ineligible for affiliation with the Labourites. The immediate offence is the active support by certain Labour M.P.'s of the Government Licensing Bill—which measure Ben, like ourselves, thinks might very well have taken second place to a comprehensive scheme for the solution of the Unemployed problem; and his society "calls upon the Executive to request explanations of Messrs. Henderson, Shackleton, Richards, Crooks, Duncan, Snowden, and others, whose expenses on this question have been met by the Temperance-Labour Party for the last twelve months." We thought there would be trouble.

It is quite true, as says Sir Ralph Littler, the presiding judge of the Middlesex Sessions, that we all make mistakes, but it appears to us that Sir Ralph makes far too many of them. We suppose almost any other judge would have resigned after the Report of the Beck Commission if he had been handled as severely as Sir Ralph was. But your Littlers and Granthams make a strong point of sticking to their posts. They may be resigned unto the heavenly will, but they carry on the business still. Sir Ralph says that "if ever he considers he makes a mistake he rectifies it at the next sessions." Well, better late than never, certainly; but a good judge does not put upon the public Press the incessant labour of criticism and watchfulness in the interests of justice as administered from his bench. Whether it be the misfortune of Sir Ralph or his fault, he is certainly the most criticised criminal, just as Mr. Justice Grantham is the most criticised civil judge of his time. He is criticised in the newspapers; he is criticised by the public; and he is criticised in Parliament. In a word, he administers justice in a blaze of controversy. It is said of some people that they fly in the face of Providence; Sir Ralph is always in collision with public opinion.

Really, some of the workhouse authorities should pay greater attention to the requirements of the *mode* when serving out garments to guests. Consider the complaint of a gentleman who made his bow before the magistrate at Chester-le-Street Police Court the other day in reply to a charge of disorderly conduct while an inmate of the workhouse in those parts. His name was Mr. Bernard Martin; and in order to teach the

workhouse master a lesson for that official's refusal to iron a Piccadilly crease down the centre of his trousers, he declined a pair on the ground that they were baggy—preferring, like the historic O'Brien, to shiver in his most intimate garment. We do not know what would happen if all the male inmates of all the workhouses were to adopt a similarly firm attitude concerning their trousers, or rather we do; they would be cognisant of the slightest draught. Whether there is anything the women inmates could decline to wear if—but, after all, this is not a fashion journal, and we will not intrude.

We do not feel that there is much occasion for a hubbub in regard to the decision of the Bow Street magistrate in the case of Miss Pankhurst, Mrs. Pankhurst, and Mrs. Drummond. They deliberately incited the public to force their way into the House of Commons, and if the public had responded there would have resulted a grave breach of the peace. The ladies in the case have elected to go to gaol. They had the opportunity of entering into sureties to keep the peace. No doubt they are the head and front of a "political movement." But that is nothing to the point. If every person or body of persons who object to existing laws and seek their amendment were to be at liberty to incite to acts of violence and disorder with a view to bringing pressure on Parliament, the whole country would soon be in a state of anarchy. The Suffragettes are in no different case from any other political organisation. But to do them justice, they don't claim to be. They are quite prepared to take the consequences of their action—and the irony of it all is that they know that in the end their tactics mean triumph.

And so with the latest batch of House of Commons demonstrators. These women have not watched modern political history in vain. They remember the Irish Party, under Parnell, and they know that until his "active policy" came along Home Rule was a vague and distant dream. But they forget that it isn't yet an accomplished fact; and we suggest that they should rather take a wrinkle from the Temperance Reformers, who get all they want by peaceful means—backed up by political organisation. After all, however, why not give them the vote? They are quite welcome to ours. When they know more about its real value they'll discover that it was scarcely worth all this bother to secure.

We do not agree with Mr. Grayson's parliamentary methods, and we regret that as a result of them he is, to use his own words, "a Member of Parliament without a job." But when it comes to criticism of his acts, it is just as well to steer clear of personalities, even though Mr. Grayson himself, as he would no doubt admit, lashes about him in a manner to provoke them. Or, if we must have personalities, and have them loaded with acid, let us have them biting true. Mr. Snowden, M.P., has pictured Mr. Grayson sumptuously dining his friends in the House of Commons. The bill of the repast now turns out to be 11s. for himself and three friends. Deduct from that table money charged for each of his three friends, and the nett cost of the meal comes to 2s. a mouth. It may be that you can get a sumptuous repast in the House of Commons for a florin, but up to date we have not been able to find it ourselves, and we can only assume that it is conceived in darkness and served in concealment. The two-shilling parliamentary dinner of our acquaintance is grateful and comforting, or at any rate nutritious and filling, but is not *recherché*; and our hon. friend may, therefore, be dismissed from the charge of indulgence in superb gastronomy, without a stain on his serviette. With this authoritative declaration the incident may now be regarded as closed.

Apropos, it will interest the gourmets as well as the gourmands of the House of Commons to know that our medicinal contemporary the *Lancet* has given its high

approval to the bloater as a nutritious and appetising fish; and on our part, we take the opportunity to mention that there are few monsters of the deep of a richer and vaster flavour. There is more taste to the square inch in a penny bloater than in a guinea salmon, and it lasts for weeks. But, as the *Lancet* learnedly and luminously remarks, the herring should be cured on the classical and not on the make-believe method. It appears that large numbers of this pervading fish are painted with solutions of tar or smoke oils. This makes them middling for manure, but bad for human food. Our friends, Parliamentary and other, should therefore be particular in getting a written warranty with their bloaters that they are Yarmouth cured and not London pickled. And having done so, will they kindly consume them in secret and alone?

The East Finchley Wesleyan "Church" is to be congratulated upon the invention of some novel hymns. Here are two verses which are more financial than musical—

Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen while they fall;
Every one for Jesus,
He shall have them all.
Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,
Hear the pennies fall,
Every one for Jesus,
He shall have them all.

We admire the modesty. Not even threepenny bits are expected.

Mr. L. Stanley Jast, Hon. Secretary of the Library Association, has written us a very rude letter with reference to an Open Postcard in our issue of September 5th. He curtly accuses us of mendacity for having suggested that his conference at Brighton was against the purchase of novels by public libraries. But he admits that "the decision reached was that novels of no literary, educational, nor (*sic*) moral value had no right to a place on the shelves of a public library." We contend that the novels he has in his mind are not really novels at all. At any rate he admits that the Library Association desires to dictate to the rate-paying public what it shall purchase with its own money. Books are to be bought only in the event of their being considered by some little tin god on wheels to possess "literary, educational or moral value." The fact that they may relieve despondency, exhilarate or amuse, is quite beside the mark; in fact, laughter is to be frowned upon as though the public were perpetually confined within the walls of a Sunday-school. The Secretary goes on to admit that public libraries are supported by rates, and tries to confuse us with the following analogy: "The water supply of most towns is supported by the rates. There is reason to suppose that a good many people would prefer a supply of beer running through their taps. Why then not supply beer?" The answer is obvious. Beer is as distinct from the water supply as beer would be from books. The public does not pay the water rate for beer, but it does pay the library rate for books. And it does not require the protection of a benevolent despotism. With reference to the right of the man who pays the piper to call the tune, the Secretary continues: "Suppose that instead of one man calling the tune there are fifty or a hundred men calling tunes, and all of them different." But we cannot suppose anything of the kind. They are not all of them different. The great majority want one particular kind of tune—light novels—as the librarians' books show. If the public are going to submit to the dictation of their librarians or other servants, they will be abdicating the right of mastery in their own house.

Several papers have been relating the old story about the star who liked to have "and" before his name on the play-bills, and how someone suggested

"but" as an alternative. They seem to think this was a sneer. The word "but," however, emphasises the distinction between the great man and the small fry more distinctly. So there was no reason for exclaiming, "But me no buts."

We do not congratulate Dr. Lunn on his letter to the papers praising the crew of the *Argonaut* for their courage, announcing that they are to be dismissed, and touting for subscriptions to give them charity. He must be a very rich man by this time, and ought to be able to do something on their behalf himself. We understand that he belongs to the strictest sect of the Nonconformists, but we are afraid that he has not accumulated a very large store of Christian charity.

According to Canon Barnett, most people are mentally indolent; they are on strike against thinking. "Politics," he says, "are not thought out, voters being satisfied by cries. Religion depends on sentiment rather than on reason." In all this the rev. gentleman will be pleased to know that he has the honour of being in agreement with us. But what we wish to point out to him is that there is going to be a lot of trouble in the world when we all start to think for ourselves. Party government will go slap-bang, for one thing, and the Church as established by law, will go, for another.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind;
How few think justly of the thinking few,
How many never think who think they do.

The thinkers govern those who toil. When the toilers think, farewell, a long farewell, to the governors.

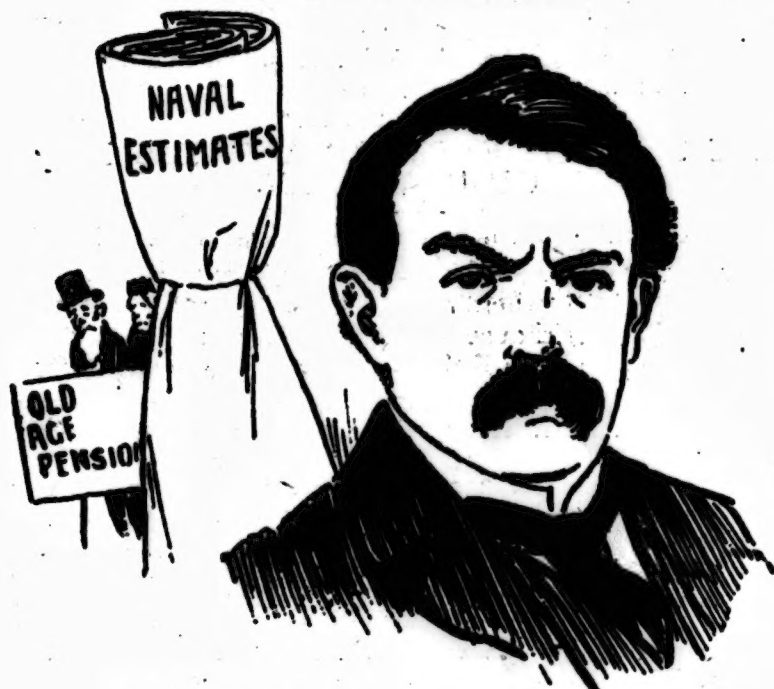
Apropos thinking, the Rev. Walter Hobbs, of the Lambeth Board of Guardians, has an idea. Recently the Guardians were in receipt of a child whom nobody would own and whom, it seemed, nobody wanted. But great is the value of advertisement. Since her appearance in the workhouse not fewer than three hundred offers have been made for the little lady. Mr. Hobbs said there appeared to be hundreds of people without children of their own who would gladly adopt a child, and he suggested that it would be a "kindly act on behalf of these childless people, as well as on behalf of the ratepayers, to appoint a committee to deal with these letters." The ratepayers of Lambeth, we feel sure, are much obliged to Mr. Hobbs, and will gladly endorse his excellent proposition. We do not know how many nobody's babies the Lambeth Guardians have for adoption. But there must be a considerable number in the total of workhouses. If every Board of Guardians were to advertise its little lot, and invite tenders for the same (the lowest or highest not necessarily accepted), the yearning of many childless people could be happily satisfied. Even the Suffragette movement might receive a temporary check.

Only the other week we were lamenting that Colonel Cody's military aeroplane on trial at Farnborough was able to run, jump, roll the grass, plough the earth, and do many other remarkable things, but could not fly. As if to prove that if you see it in JOHN BULL it is *not* so, the Colonel brought out the bird a few days ago, mounted it, set the motor going, and behold it started to soar with him on its first aerial voyage. As luck would have it, the top of a large tree got in the way. Instead of flying gaily over, the Colonel tried to get round by taking the turn to the left, the bird lost its balance, and swooped swiftly to the ground, and chucked the Colonel into a distant ditch. Happily, he is still alive and well, but the bird wants mending. However, these little things will happen at times with the best-regulated aeroplanes. The point for satisfaction is that the Colonel invented the first British aeroplane to spread its wings and fly, and, for all we know to the contrary, he may yet soar across the Channel as soon as the others. Meanwhile, our fervent hope is that he will not take another drop.

Speaking of drops, Father Stanton has been regretting, in the course of an address at St. Alban's in Holborn on "The Titles of Scripture," that St. Matthew should be described in the Authorised Version as a publican instead of a tax-gatherer. According to him, many persons imagine that because Matthew was a publican, he must have had something to do with the Licensing Bill. Indeed, he says he knows an eminent ecclesiast of the Roman Church who decorated the chancel with hops, under the impression that Matthew retailed beer. Done into a picture this would make an effective poster for Bass's best or Allsopp's worst. Really, it cannot be too widely known that St. Matthew never kept a house of call for the sale of beer, spirits, or wines to be consumed either on or off the premises. He used to collect income-tax, inhabited house duty, property tax, and other authorised assessments for a Tory Government.

To the noble lord who wants a Royal Commission on Rats we beg to say "Rats!" Except that it is a convenient means of postponing legislation in which you would rather not for the time being engage, the use of a Royal Commission for any purpose whatever on earth or in heaven is usually to seek. We have had during the last half century Royal Commissions on most things, from vaccination to historical manuscripts and from churches to whisky. Now, if we are to have one on rats, we may as well include in the terms of reference mice, fleas, beetles, rabbits, and other vermin; and even then some evil-disposed person is almost certain to jump up in Parliament and demand the inclusion of mothers-in-laws, babies, and bachelors. Let Sir Crichton Browne persuade the Government to introduce a Rat Bill with especial reference to bakeries, restaurants, and table delicacy manufactories, and thus save time and money.

WORRIED LOOKS.—III.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE MONEY.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for 50 Helpers at One Guinea Each.

For full particulars of the meaning of the number on page i. of our cover, see page iii. of cover.

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

For full particulars of this scheme, see page iii. of cover.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that the estimates of capital required by the Victoria Falls Power Co. have been proved to be "more than correct,"

THE MARQUESS OF WINCHESTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing under the heading, "Child Killed by Horse," that "the injuries are not regarded as being serious,"

THE LEWISHAM BOROUGH NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "Perfect Ease to Sufferers from Corns and Bunyans,"

MR. JOHN P. THICKPENNY, BOOTMAKER,
NEWPORT PAGNELL,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "one of the saddest blots on the social life of the city has been the excessively high birth-rate among infants,"

THE GLASGOW EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving, under the heading of "British Birds :—
"Class 21, Foreign, any variety,"

THE FROME AND DISTRICT FANCIERS'
ASSOCIATION
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For the following headings :—"FATAL ACCIDENT. INJURED
MAN NOW IN AN ASYLUM,"

THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing "everything in this bar 1d. Cigars 2d.,
THE MANAGER OF THE BALHAM EMPIRE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a man "contracted a child at a football
match,"

THE CORNISH AND DEVON POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "kitten, tom, clean, healthy, wants good
home, excellent references,"

MR. EVERETT (of "The Cottage," Belmont Road,
Upper Parkstone),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a competition for guessing the number of
seeds in a vegetable marrow, and saying that "it was found
to contain 606 seeds. The nearest guess was 504, and
several were either three or four of the actual number,"

THE ACTON EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing Mr. Harry Randall as a "comediennie,"
THE MANAGER OF THE TIVOLI MUSIC HALL,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that the Rev. R. J. Campbell "is preaching
in Trinity Church, Glasgow, on Monday afternoon, October
26th, at half-past three o'clock," and "is at the same
time to address the Socialists at a meeting in the city hall,"

THE BRITISH CONGREGATIONALIST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Daily Mail": "On one occasion
I walked from Johannesburg to Mafeking and then from
Mafeking to Vryburg, and on the journey met numbers
of Britishers doing likewise,"

MR. WILLIAM DE C. REDMAYNE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the bride wore the veil which she used
for her own wedding close upon 100 years ago,"

THE SKETCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS.

By FUSILIER.

PREJUDICED CRITICS.

The proper study of mankind being man, is it not unreasonable to hint that Britons are acting outside the limits of propriety if just now they devote a trifle of attention to their nearest brace of big neighbours, as represented by the wearers of the spiked helmet and the red breeches? For one army is regarded by us as a potential enemy, the other as a probable ally. General Sir Alfred Turner, writing to me on his return from the Kaiser's manoeuvres, says "the German army is better than ever." On the other hand, the last time I met General Sir William Butler, he expressed the opinion that the armed military strength of France was at last ready for the day of trial. But both of these distinguished officers are, if I dare say so, in the position of prejudiced witnesses. Sir Alfred Turner, whom I have known for a quarter of a century, has been a consistent pro-German—in professional affairs. On the other hand, the gallant man who is wedded to the painter of the ever famous "Roll Call" is in sympathies intensely French.

MACHINE-LIKE GERMANS.

For these reasons I will rule both out of court, and submit instead the evidence of the recent Continental manoeuvres as disclosed to me by trained observers who were quite devoid of leanings one way or the other. According to an English staff officer at the German annual turn-out, the tradition of the Franco-Prussian War is wearing rather thin. Experience in modern war is not on the side of the Teuton, and he shows it. For blind obedience to orders the German soldier is impossible to surpass; but think for himself he cannot. He could not vary a command an inch though his life depended on it. Hark him a dozen paces from a morsel of cover; will he avail himself of it? No; rather will he rest prone in the open, his sun-scorched nose pointing onwards like the beak of a mesmerised hen. And his regimental officers are, truth to tell, in the same boat, for, when confronted with a situation not exactly provided for in the mile-long orders issued by the staff every night, they are as helpless as a Suffragette suffering from loss of voice. Time and again were battalions, and even whole regiments, told to stand easy (a fine mark for artillery) at critical moments of an advance, until a detailed report was despatched to the staff and orders received. The fact is, the staff does the "deep thinking," and the rest of the German army converts the thoughts into action—machine-like and without any independent consideration.

Look at the other side of the picture. Taking them man for man, the Gallic foot-soldier is probably more intelligent and quicker to grasp the significance of a critical situation, and, furthermore, the potentialities of the situation, than that of any other army in the world. Recently, at the great French manoeuvres, every check and halt was utilised by captains and subalterns to improvise a lecture on the tactical situation. As a result of these explanations there exists so thorough an understanding between Pion-Pion and his company and section leaders, that the risk of a set-back in the movement through the ignorance or the mistake of anyone concerned is reduced to the barest of minimum. The French infantry relies now more upon its rapidity of movement and its flexibility in conforming to changes of direction than on its numerical weight. "*En avant, mes camarades!*" is the cry of the company leaders, and the fighting-line dashes forward, ready to turn and twist and to strengthen itself mechanically if a repulse is met with. To watch the evolution of an attack of the red-trousered infantry is an education in the pitch of excellence to which intelligent military training has been brought in the fair land of France.

A CONSPIRACY OF SHOUTING.

With the Germans, at this autumn's manoeuvres, it was a case of a rush forward of a dense mass, firing line and supports all jumbled together. To witness the pushing up of the latter was enough to make British spectators wonder why the lessons taught by the Boer and Manchurian contests remain a dead letter in the training of the Kaiser's infantry. When the order came to throw in the supports, captains, lieutenants, and non-coms. all entered into a conspiracy of shouting decidedly rude things at the iron-disciplined, wooden, automaton-like private. If Max or Karl did not sufficiently expedite his steps, he was informed that he was one of a breed of swine, and not infrequently his pace was quickened by the stimulant of an officer's flattened sword. At Salisbury Plain it would be "Buck up, Smith," or "Get a hustle on you, Brown." In France one would have heard, "You forgot to bring your bed with you, my child."

Then the art of taking cover was seemingly an unknown

one at the manoeuvres in Alsace-Lorraine. Even when under an artillery fire that in actual warfare would have spelt annihilation, chiefs of battalions kept their units massed in dense blocks of men without making the slightest effort to provide artificial, or take advantage of such natural cover as was available. At dusk it was quite the usual thing to see a brigade marching to its billets with its entrenching spades as beautifully bright as when it left its garrison; yet if the foreign observer was permitted to ask impertinent questions, he would find, to his astonishment, that these same men had been all day operating in the rifle danger-zone.

FRENCH INITIATIVE.

As contrarie, last September, in the French army, particularly noticeable was the scrupulously careful manner in which inequalities of the *terrain* were taken advantage of, and the Boer-like cunning with which hasty entrenchments were thrown up. Not long, accurately-ruled lines, as in Alsace when the Germans did condescend to break ground, lines deliciously easy to enfilade, but tricky zig-zags, reminiscent of Louis Botha's hidden defences t'other side Tugela's flood.

THE GERMAN ACTIVITY.

Again, with the much-vaunted Teuton artillery of the present year of grace is to be found the same characteristic as with the backbone of the army. A lack of flexibility of action combined with a criminal disregard of concealment. When war comes, the casualties in the German field artillery will be stupendous, since no consideration of cover, or avoidance of the fire of the enemy's guns will prevent the German quick-firers from taking up their allotted position in a specified time.

FRENCH DISCIPLINE.

With the French, lessons of South Africa and of Japanese slimness have not passed unheeded. A four-gun battery was never brought into action if one of the guns could serve the immediate purpose. With the French artillery officers of to-day the one great problem to solve is to gain the greatest possible effect with the smallest number of pieces. Thus he gains in this way: first, he deceives the enemy as to the number of guns in battery against him; second, a large number of guns can be held in reserve for the purpose of pouring in at the psychological moment an overwhelming fire. And the gun itself is, in the matter of superiority to its German rival as six is to four. At the manoeuvres the discipline of the French rank-and-file was magnificent, both in quarters, on the march, and in action. It was not hide-bound, galley-slave discipline, but it was every bit as efficient without turning the citizen soldiers into serfs whose initiative is stifled and to whom independent thought is unknown.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

In commenting upon the strange statements contained in the interview between the German Emperor and a "private Englishman," published in the *Daily Telegraph*, most of our contemporaries have referred in language of unbelief to the Kaiser's statement that he sent to Windsor a plan of campaign for our Army in South Africa. But there is no doubt whatever of the truth of the statement, although the Kaiser is in error in stating that his plan was that followed by Lord Roberts.

In the summer of 1903 there was a bitter controversy between the British and German Press as to the attitude of the latter in connection with our military operations in South Africa, and in order to rebut the charge of unfriendliness the German newspapers alleged that the German General Staff had, at the request of Queen Victoria, drawn up a plan of campaign which the Kaiser had sent to the Queen.

The actual plan followed by Lord Roberts was prepared on board ship on his way out. The Director of his Intelligence Department was the late Colonel Henderson; then the greatest living authority upon the American Civil War. Colonel Henderson drew up the plan afterwards followed by Lord Roberts, and which was based upon General Phil Sheridan's operations that led to the final surrender of Lee's army. If anyone will compare these operations, which commenced on the 20th March, 1865, with what actually happened in South Africa, he will find that we are correct.

The Kaiser now says that the plan was his. In 1903 the German Press said that it was prepared by his General Staff. It was neither the one nor the other. The plan of the German General Staff, now fathered by the Kaiser, and transmitted by him to the Queen, was based on the idea of a central advance on Bloemfontein, the while ignoring Cronje's position at Marjessfontein, which was to be massed by Methuen with a division.

IS HECTOR MACDONALD DEAD?

BY A COMRADE.

THE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY.

In company with a well-known officer of the London Scottish, I first met "Fighting Mac" shortly after Kitchener's big shoot at Omdurman. My impression was that this fine Highland soldier was the last man in the world who would be guilty of the unspeakable charges which were years afterwards fulminated against him by a gang of Portuguese-Cingalese blackmailers. It is a mere truism to assert that false evidence is every day in the East fabricated with such devilish cunning that judges and counsel are unwittingly betrayed into assisting at miscarriages of justice. Now in General Macdonald's case so complete was the net that was drawn about the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Ceylon that nothing short of a miracle could clear him in a court of law. Mind, I say in a court of law, not before a court of his peers—in other words, his brother officers. His life, spent on the Soudanese frontier, was not such as to give him a proper knowledge of the value of halfpenny newspaper criticism. He read a furious attack upon himself in a London journal famed for its "terminological inexactitudes." And driven temporarily crazy, he used a too handy revolver. Now we are told he is in China.

During the long drawn-out Manchurian campaign it was freely asserted that Hector Macdonald was another way of spelling the name of the Japanese General Kuroki. This in the face of the fact that the only foreign combatant officer who might by a stretch claim to have participated in the war otherwise than as a Service attaché, was Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge, who was for many months on board the flagship *Mikasa*.

Now comes the announcement that the late lamented Sir Hector Macdonald is the wearer of a pigtail at Peking. I have been at pains during the last week to seek for the solution of this problem in "lieastatics," and I have been helped thereto by General von H—, formerly of the Kaiser's army, and now a general officer in the new Chinese training army. His explanation at once suggests the origin of the tale from Peking, and this particular tale seems to have had a certain *raison d'être*.

In the year of grace 1899 a Captain B—, of the Second Battalion of the West India Regiment, resigned his commission. When an officer who has attained the rank of captain is gazetted out of the Service as having resigned his commission, and not as having retired on a pension, well, then the announcement is significant of unpleasant matters. The warrior in question, having powerful business friends in Jardine and Mathesons, of Shanghai, took P. and O. for that most hospitable of Far Eastern settlements. On the occasion of Sir Michael Seymour's relief of the Legations, Captain B— endeavoured to be permitted to join the relief column as a volunteer. Rightly or wrongly the Admiral refused to have anything to do with the some time West India officer. He was, however, not to be put down by even a snub from a real live admiral. In 1902 he was introduced by Mr. Bredon, the Deputy Inspector-General of the Imperial Chinese Customs Service, to the Viceroy of Pe-chili. This great satrap of the Celestial Emperor had been commissioned by his Imperial master to raise a force of two Army Corps organised on the German system, and offered Captain B— a commission as colonel on the staff. He is now a Brigadier-General, and among the European residents of Peking and Tientsin bears the nickname of "Mac," because of his extraordinary resemblance to poor Hector Macdonald. He is a strongly-built man, a little above the average height, with closely cropped hair just turning grey, showing a splendidly proportioned skull. I have seen his photo in a group of officers stationed at Tientsin. "By Jove, Hector Macdonald!" I found myself saying.

SIR THOMAS WHITTAKER'S PUBLIC-HOUSE.

We have already pointed out that the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Palmer Whittaker, M.P.—the High Priest of Temperance Reform and the real author of the Licensing Bill—during the time that he acted as editor of a daily financial paper both before and after the famous decision in *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, permitted recommendations to appear from day to day in such journal, of brewery and kindred investments. We have pointed out that even if Sir Thomas was not primarily responsible for the actual penning of such advice, he cannot, as acting editor, disclaim it, and we have further pointed out that neither before nor after *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, did he in his capacity as financial journalist—either in the columns of the daily financial paper in question or in those of any of the other periodicals to which he contributed—utter one word of warning against the precarious character of licensed property.

We are not particularly enamoured of the purely personal argument, although the venomous attitude adopted by Sir Thomas towards the licensed trade would appear to fully warrant it in his particular case. Hence, when in the House of Commons we made our disclosures, we deliberately refrained from saying more than we thought absolutely necessary to establish our point, viz., that even after *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, Sir Thomas, like every other reasonable man, looked upon the licence of well-conducted premises as entitled to annual renewal, except where the justices, exercising a "judicial discretion," found then to be unnecessary for the requirements of the district. In view of the interest our statement aroused, however, we have since (in our issue of October 24th) somewhat elaborated it, although we again kept back information which, from the point of view of parliamentary *esprit de corps* we would rather not have published.

But Sir Thomas Whittaker forces our hand. He has rushed into print with a disclaimer of all responsibility, and states that "At no time, anywhere, did I, or any member of my staff, or anyone whose contributions to that or any other paper I controlled, recommend investment in brewery or similar stocks and shares." Not only is this negatively untrue—inasmuch as it was the bounden duty of Sir Thomas, as financial journalist and temperance reformer, to warn the "purbblind public" (*vide* his own phrase) against licensed premises as an investment; but certainly it was his moral duty to keep his own hands free from touching the filthy thing; whilst as chairman of the United Kingdom Temperance Life Assurance and Provident Institution, it would obviously also be his legal duty in view of his strong opinion as to the worthlessness of the security to see that none of its funds were invested in the wicked trade.

Now it happens that in a little side street off the Strand, known as Milford Lane, there is a public-house known as "The Edinburgh," the real name of which is the "Milford Arms." We believe that this house was formerly in the hands of a Scotchman, who used to attract custom to it by the aid of one of his countrymen in kilts, who paced to and fro with bagpipes. In later years its business began to fall off, but when the United Kingdom Temperance Life Assurance and Provident Institution began to rear its stately pile of buildings in the Strand, the owner of the tavern saw his opportunity, and on the plea of "Ancient Lights" put forward a substantial claim—with the result that the tavern was ultimately taken over by Sir Thomas Whittaker's temperance and provident institution—in whose possession it remains to this day.

A LIBERAL POLICY.

[The number of hours' bright sunshine recorded during October is the highest for many years.]

You're kind, dear Sol—and mighty cute—
(Forgive the slang expression)
When mortals lead, to follow suit,
And grant an Autumn Session!

W.B.

SOLECISMS.

By JIM CROW.

This useful little word was originally applied only to inappropriate language. There were some people called Soloeci, who went out from Attica to colonise a town of Cilicia. Then, forsaking their Attic purity, they spoke a mixed language, consisting of Attic and Soloecan. At least, old Hedericus says so in his Greek lexicon. From this jargon came the word solecism, which Dr. Johnson describes as "unfitness of one word to another; impropriety in language. A barbarism may be in one word, a solecism must be of more." Thus, I suppose, the word reliable is a barbarism, while "under the circumstances" and "a most" are solecisms. But I am tired of trying to preach grammar. However monstrous and absurd a popular solecism may be, it is useless to denounce it, for some fool will always defend it by exhibiting the fact that it has been used by a writer who is regarded as a classic. As Addison observed very truly: "There is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of."

DOOR-KNOCKERS.

The secondary meaning of the word will afford me ampler scope for grumbling about things in general. It is described as "any unfitness or impropriety." I will begin with one of the minor improprieties of life, viz., door-knocking. I do not mean merely the runaway knock, which after all is partly excused by the humorous intentions of the perpetrator, though the fact of his running away deprives him of a share in the subsequent excitement. He is, however, the promoter of a relief in the monotony of other people's lives, like the writer of anonymous letters, to whom I will refer later on. The thing I am reprobating for the moment is the futile practice of rapping with a knuckle before entering a room. Suppose I am seated in my library, ruminating wise thoughts, chewing the cud of my vast experience, stimulating my brain with a mixture of very old brandy and very old port. Suppose again that my butler thinks it necessary to inform me of the visit of a creditor. He may just as well walk straight in and break the news gently to me. There is nothing gained by sounding a note of warning on the panels. No doubt he imagines that his rapping will be understood as a request for permission to enter my presence. But he would be vastly surprised if, instead of roaring, "Come in!" I bade him be off. And even if I did so, nothing would be gained, for he would already have broken my train of thought, perhaps even startled me into spilling my nectar.

THE PRIVACY OF MY BED-CHAMBER.

Of course, in some circumstances a warning might be welcome to some people. Suppose, for example, that I were engaged in intimate conversation with a golden-haired damsel on the subject of the weather or the unemployed. But I will suppose nothing of the kind. I admit that some people will argue that a knock is required by common courtesy when they are enjoying the privacy of their sleeping apartments. That is a matter of taste. For my own part I should not suffer from bashfulness even if, like Susanna, I were seen in my bath. Some persons, I understand, prefer to cough instead of knocking at a door, but that seems to me an even worse solecism, almost an insult.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

Many people, more especially foreigners, have contracted an evil habit of favouring me with unsigned communications, some of which contain very vulgar abuse. I assume that their object in doing so is to cause me annoyance, so I seize this opportunity of informing them that, the more violent they are, the better I am pleased. Whenever I am thus informed that I am a liar and a rogue and a drunkard, who ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum or hanged or torn to pieces by wild beasts or buried in a dunghill, I rub my hands and murmur, "Habet!" If my criticisms had not struck home, the person criticised would not have troubled to expend five minutes and a postage stamp on the demonstration of his malevolence. I despise him for his cowardice in concealing his identity, in firing at me from behind a hedge like an Irish moonlighter, in stabbing me in the dark like a Servian regicide. But I pity him for his folly in not realising that he records my bull's-eye. So long as my lessons are read, some fragment of their wisdom is sure to remain even in the most unsatisfactory mind. Every public personage

receives anonymous letters, usually containing foul insults which the writers would be ashamed to express verbally, even though they did not fear physical retaliation. I wonder what is the precise frame of mind in which a man sets down to concoct an anonymous letter. Can he seriously imagine that any human being will care two figs for the opinion of a correspondent about whom he knows absolutely nothing? If I indulged in this particular solecism, I should take care to be present when the missive arrived. It might be amusing to send one to Mrs. Crow and watch her gnashing her teeth over the teapot.

THE TERRORS OF THE TACTLESS.

Most solecisms arise from lack of tact. I remember a man being introduced to me one day and saying, "I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Crow; for I have heard a great deal about you." Of course I bridled and looked coy. "Nothing very dreadful, I hope," I said, in order to put him at ease. "Oh," he replied, in soothing tones, "anything of that kind goes in at one ear and out at the other." Needless to say he was a parson. On another occasion a gentleman of the same cloth did me the honour of calling upon me and remarked, patronisingly, "I suppose, Mr. Crow, like most of the people in this little town, you go up to business in London every day." Now if there is one thing which I should hate to do it would be to become one of those unfortunate devils who are known as daily-breaders, who gulp their morning chicory like the Israelites with their loins girded and their staffs in their hands, rush through the back garden to catch an early train, crouch all day in an office, and fill smoking carriages with inept conversation about football. I suppose it is wrong to despise anybody, but I always think that no manly person should be content to remain a clerk or a counter-jumper so long as there is an army wanting recruits or a bit of land waiting to be dug. Halloa, this will let me in for a fine crop of anonymous letters. I do not care. I did experience annoyance at the reverend gentleman's gratuitous insinuation that I might be a counter-jumper. So I replied by telling him the venerable anecdote about Beau Brummel, who was accosted with the words, "Mr. Smith, I believe," and retorted "If you believe that, you will believe anything."

BRUTAL BABBLERS.

There is one solecism which I want you all to be specially on your guard against. That is the insufferable infliction involved in taking advantage of ordinary conversation for purposes of propaganda. We meet people with only one idea, and that generally a wrong one. They persist in thrusting it down our throats with the utmost brutality until we are goaded almost to physical violence. Take the religious crank. You make some insipid observation about the weather. That in itself is a mild solecism, of which you ought to try and break yourself. He will at once turn up the whites of his eyes, ask you who made the weather, reproach you with ingratitude to a benevolent Providence, and then embark bald-headed on a long theological discourse. Or you may express your sympathy with the unemployed, and he will immediately inform you that all distress is due to free trade, and then send you to sleep with a long string of pinchbeck platitudes red-hot from Birmingham. Such people ought to be kept in separate cages. Remember the words of Disraeli: "Never argue; if you disagree, bow and turn the conversation." It may be objected that I have no business to object to preaching, seeing that I am always laying down the law for your benefit. But then I am a professional evangelist of Empire, and what I have to do is only done on paper.

THE DEADLY DAHLIA.

I wanted to say a few words about solecisms at table and in Society, but Lady Grove and Father Vaughan discourage me by their helotry. I must not imitate their severity, lest it should be said of me, as Ben Jonson said of a certain dame:

"To have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, ay, and to persevere,
In my poor judgement is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners."

But the worst solecism I know is that of wearing a dahlia in the button-hole. What a vulgar flower, fit only for ear-wigs!

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J.7.11.

A CASE FOR INQUIRY.

A QUESTION FOR THE LUNACY COMMISSIONERS.

In October, 1894, Miss Lilian Fawcett, who comes of good West-country stock, was confined in Fiddington Asylum, near Devizes, at the instance of her eldest sister, Mrs. Cuthbert, and at Fiddington Asylum Miss Fawcett remains. In 1892 her father died, and bequeathed to his children—two boys and three girls—an estate worth, roughly, £100,000. Miss Fawcett herself enjoyed from this estate an income of £480 per annum, an income that, upon her death, would go back, under the terms of the will, to the estate for the benefit of Mr. Fawcett's grandchildren, if there were any. The elder son, Mr. Robert Arthur Fawcett, is unmarried; the second son is married, but childless; and of the three sisters only one, Mrs. Cuthbert, has a child. Upon the incarceration of Miss Fawcett, her elder brother became trustee of her estate, and the son of his solicitor, Mr. Everington, was appointed receiver of the estate. For fourteen years Miss Fawcett has been in the Fiddington Asylum.

This lady has few friends—few ladies who find themselves in asylums have many—but more fortunate than many, she has one devoted friend, Miss Freda Barker. Miss Barker was greatly distressed when she heard that her friend had been put into an asylum. She had been on terms of the closest intimacy with Miss Fawcett for ten years, and she had never discovered any signs of insanity. She does not suggest that Miss Fawcett is, or ever was, a person of vigorous mental development, but she says she was perfectly able to look after herself, and ought never to have been incarcerated.

Governed by this belief, Miss Barker has been unceasing in her endeavours to get her friend out of the asylum, or, at any rate, to obtain an independent, competent opinion upon the mental condition of Miss Fawcett. She has failed, and she now comes to JOHN BULL to help her, if help be possible. Let us see what she has recently done in the matter, and the position taken up by those who are opposing her.

A couple of years ago, Miss Barker approached Mr. Bryce—who was a friend of her family, and was at the time a member of the Cabinet—and asked him to use his influence to enable her to obtain independent examination of her friend. Mr. Bryce gave her a letter of introduction to the Home Office, and they in turn referred her to the Commissioners in Lunacy. But these gentlemen have not assisted her. Recently, on July 14th last, tired of fruitless correspondence, Miss Barker had an interview with them, and they then told her that "the proper people to decide the question as to whether she should see her friend or not were that friend's relations." This recalls the methods pilloried by Charles Reade. Rightly or wrongly, the friend of a person in a lunatic asylum believes that she is sane, that independent examination would prove her to be sane, and that she is kept there by interested relatives. She applies to the Commissioners to allow her to prove her contention in the only possible way—by personal examination—and the Commissioners reply that they will only give her permission if the people who, as she believes, are opposed to any enquiry, and are interested in preventing enquiry, will give their consent! Having failed in the personal appeal, Miss Barker thought it right to repeat her request in writing, and this is the reply she got from the Commissioners:—

16th July, 1908.

MISS LILIAN JOSEPHINE FAWCETT.

MADAM,—The Commissioners in Lunacy direct me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., and to say that they have nothing to add to what was told you at this office on the 14th instant.

I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

(Signed) CHARLES DEANS

Miss Barker then applied to the Visiting Justices of the County (Wiltshire), Mr. Medlicott, Mr. Gwatkin, and Mr. Anstey, and they refused to allow her to see Miss Fawcett on the ground that her relatives had particularly asked that she should not be allowed to see her. As if that were a reason for excluding her, or other than evidence that independent examination of Miss Fawcett's mental condition was very necessary.

Miss Barker is not a lady of fortune, but she is willing to sacrifice a good deal on behalf of her friend. She has consulted Dr. Forbes Winslow on the subject, and he has very kindly offered to go to the asylum, and examine Miss Fawcett, and report as to her condition, if only he can get the permission of the authorities to do so. That permission is withheld.

So far as we can see, the refusal to allow Miss Barker, or Dr. Forbes Winslow, to see Miss Fawcett is an indefensible refusal. We express no opinion here as to whether Miss Fawcett is in a mental condition which makes her detention in an asylum desirable or necessary. We say only that a *prima facie* case is made out to the contrary.



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CIVIS ROMANUS SUM.

THE TRANSVAAL AND THE BRITISH INDIANS.

In March, 1897, five British Indians were refused admission to the Transvaal at Komatiapoort, and Lord Rosmead at once made representations, which resulted in their being permitted to proceed to Johannesburg within 24 hours. The refusal of the Republican authorities to allow British Indian subjects to enter the Transvaal was in direct contravention of the Conventions of 1880 and 1884, and the Imperial Government was not only justified in protesting against the violation of those Conventions, but was bound to do so if it had any regard for the Imperial honour. From early days the Transvaal Government sought in one way and another to exclude British Indians, or to impose upon them exceptional obligations; action that was always followed by the protests of the Imperial Government, and was ultimately one of the causes which led to the war of 1899. Time and again British Ministers appealed to British sentiment to support them in upholding the rights of British coloured subjects in the Transvaal, and not the least of the justifications of those same Ministers for the war that followed was the plea that British subjects must be protected. After the war in which the Boers were reduced to impotence, and at a cost to this country of 250 millions sterling, and some 20,000 lives, Great Britain became the absolute master of the Transvaal, and it was taken for granted that whatever terms might be offered to the enemy, henceforth all British subjects would be free of the country. And so far as words go, so far as clauses and conventions can make them free, so far as despatches written in the best official style can bring it about, that freedom exists. But it is in name only. When war broke out the Indians showed their gratitude for what had been done for them. There were offers of Indian regiments to help the Imperial Forces. Their offers were accepted. We are reminded of them by a letter in the *Johannesburg Star*. The writer says:—

I happened to be through the Natal campaign, and I cannot help thinking that my countrymen have forgotten what these Indians did. I saw Indians in charge of the mule water trails lead their mules up Spion Kop, bringing water to the famished Regulars and Irregulars. They were exposed to a galling fire, and as one fell another silently moved to the vacant place. I saw the work the Bearer Corps did in several actions in bringing the wounded to a place where they could be attended to. I saw this man, Gandhi,

sitting by the roadside one morning after a strenuous night's work with the little band of Indians he led. The Indians suffered great privations for our sakes, and for the credit of the brotherhood which the Empire gives. A brave man—Buller—testified to their noble endurance. To-day the Indians in the Transvaal, who are a thousand less than they were four years ago according to the census, ask to have a law enacted providing that a maximum of six of their educated countrymen shall be allowed to enter the country within a twelvemonth. They want doctors of their own kind. They want barristers who will understand their interests. Such professional men cannot enter into competition with the Europeans, as their practice would be restricted to Indians. Is it not possible for a compromise to be arranged allowing the Indians the right to import a certain number of professional men right away, and empowering the Colonial Secretary to deal with such applications in future?

Whilst fully realizing the legitimate objections of South African whites to the unrestricted immigration of coloured men, we should have thought that the equitable suggestion of the correspondent we have quoted was feasible and most desirable. What has the Imperial Government done in the matter? Mr. Ritch, the indefatigable Secretary of the South African Committee, gives us the answer:—

In reply [he writes] to repeated representations to His Majesty's Government on the score of these examples of brutality and attempts to coerce the Indians by physical ill-treatment to comply with the provisions of the objectionable Registration law, the Government suavely expresses their confidence that it is not the desire of the Transvaal Government to administer the law with any harshness.

As a comment upon their assurances, we give below a telegram dated Johannesburg, October 26th:—

Since last Monday over 70 Indians imprisoned. Wife Transvaal resident refused permission to land Durban from Natal because husband declined to apply for registration under new law. She expected childbirth soon, shock induced still-born birth. Gandhi yesterday transferred to Johannesburg dressed in convict garb, marched thus publicly in broad daylight from station to gaol.

What may be the intention of the Transvaal Government we do not know. What is their action is shown by their acts, and they are indicated in the facts given above. It is a sorry business. We hear much about the magnificence of this Empire of ours, but for our part we would sooner have a smaller one if within the bounds of that smaller territory *Civis Romanus Sum* carried the meaning that Englishmen of an older generation attached to it.



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THE HOSPITAL BUBBLE.—I

BY CHARLES HERBERT.

If there is any excuse needed for a series of articles on Hospitals and their Administration it is furnished by two facts: the vast amount of money involved, viz., £2,650,000 per annum, and the enormous number of people affected, viz., 293,773 in-patients and 2,583,691 out-patients. While if there is any excuse necessary for criticising what on the face of it is a thoroughly beneficent work, appealing to all classes for sympathy throughout the land, it lies in the desire to see that for such a huge sum of money proportionate results are obtained. Hospital incomes are on the increase, and legacies to these institutions are becoming fashionable; King Edward's Fund is aiming to raise £100,000 per annum for their help; Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds are pushed by all manner of means, in church and chapel, factories and shops, and in lanes, byeways and open streets.

THE OUT-PATIENT DEPARTMENT.

The accounts published by the average hospital usually set forth in glowing terms the number of attendances made at the institution, certainly a misleading way, for, if the actual number of people who make those attendances be small, there is a clear temptation to prolong their relief to swell the attendance total.

It is no uncommon thing to find that men and women have been attending hospital for a long time. On certain days or nights they turn up with unfailing regularity, their book or prescription-case is opened as a reminder to the doctor, he either alters or continues the treatment, the patient passes on to the window for further medicine; the next case is called on, and this routine is followed by old patients week after week, often for months. New patients are generally carefully diagnosed, but afterwards the tendency is to keep dragging on, unless there is any special feature about the case; then it is watched eagerly, and if the patient does not appear, post-cards and letters summon him impatiently.

Certain it is that the enormous out-patient work of the hospitals is not responsible for the huge expenditure incurred in carrying them on, and, recognising this, the experienced administrators of King Edward's Fund only reckon 2s. per head per annum as the cost of their treatment, so as there are 2,583,691 out-patients at 2s. per head, then the total incurred by the out-patient work, of which so much is heard, is only £258,369. It certainly ought to cost more, for there is not much relief to be obtained for the sum of 2s., but the experts who have fixed that sum, and the hospitals who have accepted the estimate, conclude that it doesn't. Think of it—cost of room in which to meet, consulting-room in which to be examined, lighting and firing and drugs and dressings (if necessary), only 2s. per head! Still, a great deal can be done by system, and by making up large quantities of a frequently-used prescription and treating many cases by rule of thumb the process can be carried on, and is. Of course, it could be as well done at a dispensary, but that would not suit the hospital, which has to justify its *raison d'être* by publishing statistics of its out-patient work. As a matter of fact, every out-patient department ought to publish separate accounts, and not have a fraction of its charges mixed with the in-patient department. Rent should be charged against it for use of assembly hall and surgery, salaries of doctors and dressers, cost of drugs and stationery, gas and firing should be accurately stated, and against it should be set every penny contributed by out-patients. If this were done the result would be an eye-opener. The fact is that the out-patient department is a huge business, and many a hospital which bases its appeal to public sympathy on the work it does is little more than a free, or semi-free, dispensary, where all manner of people come for treatment—treatment received under conditions that jar all sense of refinement. A lady friend of the writer, suffering from prolapsus, was sent up from the country to a London hospital, some years ago, and, ignorant of what it would mean to her, came. She saw the doctor, she being ushered in as one of a group of patients. He read the letter, and then curtly said, pointing to a shelf-bed, "Get up there!" "How can I get up there?" she objected. "Here!" said the doctor, turning to some students, who stood near, "help this woman up!" And there, in the presence of that audience, she was helped up, exposed and examined before them all. Similar exposures take place in many hospitals, and in hospitals for chest disease it used to be no uncommon thing to tell the women waiting in the corridor to have their things already unfastened for the stethoscopic examination of the doctors, so as not to waste time. These things, I submit, are unnecessary, and if the cases were treated in many smaller institutions instead

of in one or two large ones, where there is a rush and pressure of work, it need not be. Another thing to be questioned, *en passant*, in the out-patient system in our large hospitals is the unwisdom of allowing so many sickly people to congregate together and wait their turn for hours. The result is that they fail to discussing their symptoms, and the place becomes a hot-bed of hysteria. The abuses that arise are, of course, owing to the scale on which the thing is done, and the remedy is, at any rate for out-patient work, smaller institutions. There are 163 hospitals with an average of about 16,000 out-patients per annum, but some have over 50,000, some over 100,000, and one or two very many more. It is a wrong system, and could be very much better and more decently managed by multiplying branch out-patient departments of central hospitals, and so dividing up these huge totals.

THE IN-PATIENT DEPARTMENT.

This department is the real reason for the existence of these 163 hospitals. It is on this that £2,391,000 is expended yearly. For this the structure has to be provided, at enormous cost, and huge establishments kept up, with large grounds, and for this that the expenses of provisions, domestic charges, fuel and light, repairs and salaries must be incurred. If it could be shown that there is an expenditure incurred on these things that is quite unnecessary, and that the unnecessary expenditure amounts to double the amount that King Edward's sympathetic Fund attempts to raise, it will surely be a case deserving close consideration. And that is what can be done. His Majesty's Fund seeks to raise £100,000 per annum, and a careful examination of hospital accounts reveals that at least £200,000 is expended unnecessarily. It will be my aim to show this clearly, and without any hesitation, to pillory the chief offenders. Many of the hospitals are most careful, and it is only right that their names should be known; some of them are the reverse, and their identity ought to be revealed, too. Let me say at the outset that the provincial hospitals have for the most part clean hands. I presume there are too many people on the spot playing the part of watch-dogs, and their accounts are critically examined. But the same thing cannot be said of some of the Metropolitan hospitals, some of them special and some of them general, which show a scale of charges for which there can be no justification. And it ought to arouse strong indignation that moneys which are so readily given in the belief that they are helping the sick poor are being expended in unnecessary ways. My authority for my statements will in every case be the accounts of the hospitals themselves, aided by the strong light thrown on them by Sir Henry Burdett's inquiries.

(To be continued.)

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beautifully healthy hair can be raised. The matter goes much deeper than that, and the real secret of the success of the now world-famed "Harlene Hair Drill" is to be found in the fact that it actively enlists the co-operation of great natural physiological laws with the use of Harlene for the Hair. It does not endeavour to reach the hair by any circuitous stomachic route, but goes at once to the seat of the trouble. Thus results are not only better and quicker, but no danger to health is incurred.

HAIR PAUPERISM AND HAIR WEALTH.

"Harlene Hair Drill" is now so well known that it is scarcely necessary to describe it. Thousands of men and women are employing it every day, and it is as popular in the palaces of the rich as in the cottages of the poor. Succinctly, it may be described as the application of the now popular curative treatment by massage to the scalp and the hair. The immediate effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is to galvanise into healthy activity the nerves and blood-vessels of the scalp, to revitalise parts that have become partially devitalised, to restore healthy blood circulation in the brain, to distribute nerve strain more equitably, and, above all, to promote nourishment and sustenance to the hair-roots by increasing healthy functional activity.

The blood is the life of the hair just as much as it is the life of the body, for wherever there is blood stagnation there must also be lack of health and vigour.

true, healthy hair. In some cases the use of Edwards' Harlene for the Hair has brought about the desired improvement in the condition and quantity of the hair in a few weeks, but in more obstinate cases, where the trouble is of long-standing or very deep-seated, a longer period may be necessary.

"Harlene Hair Drill" is now a familiar morning manoeuvre in the homes of this country, and thousands are now carrying it out with great benefit. It is simply the application of the stimulating principle of massage to the scalp, together with the provision of a real hair-food and hair-tonic to the roots of the hair.

To properly massage the scalp, spread the fingers well over the head, and press them well down into the scalp. Then move the scalp or skin covering the head to and fro very gently. When this has been done, and the follicles—where the hair-roots are centred—have been duly energised, it is necessary to clear away

the waste matter in the cells, by the use of some local stimulating preparation; and in this respect Edwards' "Harlene" is unrivalled. It not only cleans the surface of the head, but actually feeds, nourishes, and gives tone to the hair-roots in a direct manner.

WARNING TO LADIES.

It is difficult to imagine a more illogical and at the same time more dangerously indirect method of attempting to stimulate the growth of hair on the head than by swallowing "pills for the hair."

If such medicine has any virtue in producing hair, what guarantee is there that it will produce hair only on the scalp?

Absolutely none!

It may force growth on the arms, on the chest, or the face; and those ladies who are often anxious to get rid of superfluous hair are running great risk of disfigurement if they swallow such drugs.

Nothing could be more deleterious to the health than the absurd practice of endeavouring to reach the hair by the use of internal medicines or drugs.

A FAITH WELL FOUNDED.

As already stated, the faith of the proprietors in Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair is so great that they now offer a large free trial bottle of the preparation to any man or woman who is suffering from hair trouble or hair disease in any shape or form. Thus the readers of JOHN BULL can personally test for themselves whether Edwards' "Harlene" will in their case bring about the same satisfactory results that it already has done in thousands of others.

WHAT FIVE MINUTES DAILY WILL DO.

It may be said without exaggeration that the proprietors of Harlene for the Hair—by far the most successful and most widely-used preparation at present offered to the public—have succeeded, after long experience and at enormous expense, in devising a system of hair culture which has already proved its value in millions of cases. The "drill" only takes up about five minutes' time each morning. If repeated at night before retiring to rest, all the better. The sleep will be sounder and the rest sweeter in consequence. The nerves and blood-vessels, grateful for the treatment, will respond, and will actually crave for the necessary hair-food that their improved appetite demands.

In order that every applicant can make a free personal trial of this wonderful hair-strengthening and hair-restoring treatment for herself or himself, the proprietors have prepared a special

FREE TRIAL STOCK OF 1,000,000 BOTTLES

of Harlene for the Hair, ready to be dispatched immediately to JOHN BULL applicants who send in the attached coupon properly filled up, together with threepence in stamps to defray cost of carriage. The special outfit offered free consists of a sufficient supply of "Harlene for the Hair" to permit of a week's free trial, and also a booklet containing all the instructions necessary for the "Harlene Hair Drill." If called for no charge is made.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, price 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6 per bottle, or supply will be sent direct on receipt of postal order.

FILL UP THIS COUPON FOR FREE "HARLENE HAIR OUTFIT."

Messrs. The EDWARDS' HARLENE Co.,
95-96, High Holborn, W.C.

Sirs,—Please supply me with "Harlene Hair Drill" outfit as announced above.
I enclose three penny stamps to defray cost of carriage to any part of the world.

Name

Address

N.B.—If called for no charge will be made.

JOHN BULL, Nov. 7.

THE CRIMINAL.

BY NORMAN MACMUNN.

He rested his ragged elbows on the rail, and his chin, blue with many days' growth of stubble, upon his knuckles. His eyes, bleared and almost expressionless, shifted from judge to gallery, from gallery to jury. What was he here for? Why couldn't they let him be? That blanked blank worried him, and he had kicked his lights out—what else could he have done? Then he thought of other things—thought of his last meal of sausage and mashed, of Polly who nearly broke his nose when he put his arm round her waist, of Eyetalian Mick and his piano organ, of his fight with a newspaper boy, who, although hardly higher than his shoulder, had sent him flying into the gutter. Then his eyes strayed to the gallery, and he saw a big, round-faced girl looking at him. And he wrinkled up his face and gave her a hideous wink. She looked away, ashamed and angry, and he gloated over his ill-welcome in a savage way, and stared till she should look at him again. Then he came to remember where he was, and he looked with hatred at the bulky blue figure at his side. What was he here for? Why couldn't they let him be? Dirty blanks! He spat on the floor. "Don't do that," said the policeman. "Rats," said the coarse lips, while the sloping shoulders drew back a bit, and the receding forehead wrinkled angrily. "Now then; come along," he heard suddenly. "Whar 'uv I got 'en?" "Case ain't finished. Step it lively." "Keep yer 'and off er me, yer dirty pig. 'Ow dare yer?" He was seized tightly and hauled downstairs, and tumbled into the white-washed room to await the van.

He was crouching in his cell, when the warder brought in an apparition in top-hat and frock-coat. "A visitor for you, Smith. Be civil."

"Good morning, Smith; good morning."

The prisoner only glared and bit his lip.

"Not pleased to see me. I am sorry. I am a doctor, Smith, and I want to do what I can for you."

The face lightened a little with a brutal inspiration.

"Awright, I'm a helephant, I am—feel my bloomin' trunk."

"No go, Smith. Now just answer my questions like a good fellow, and then we'll do what we can for you. What did you feel like that morning?"

"'Ead ached and felt sick like."

"Many headaches?"

"Near halways. I 'as fits, I 'as, awfin."

"Now answer me this honestly, and I shan't use a word of it in evidence. Are you glad you kicked that man to death?"

"In course I am. The blank tuk my gal. Well, I ain't as glad as I should a been, cos I 'spose I'll swing furrit. That's all I cares on."

"Now, Smith, tell me this. How would you like it if the law allowed you to kill anyone you wished to?"

"O' course I'd like it. Then I'd 'ave clothes an' drink an' baccy an' women an' things."

Prosecution: "Then you find that the prisoner is accountable for his actions?"

Doctor: "In the present reading of responsibility, yes."

Prosecution: "That is all we need, thank you."

Defence: "What is your opinion of the absolute responsibility of the prisoner for his actions?"

Doctor: "That such responsibility does not exist. As a criminologist—if his lordship will allow me to say so much—I took measurements of the prisoner's head, which conclusively proved that he was of the lowest mental type—a degenerate."

Judge: "I fear that this evidence is mere digression from the point on which your testimony as an expert is given. You have said that the prisoner is, in the present state of medico-legal principle, responsible for his actions."

Doctor: "Yes, my lord—as the tiger which we do not punish, as the—"

The Judge: "I must request the witness to step down."

"I cannot attach any importance," said his lordship to the prisoner before sentencing him, "to the effort of one of the medical witnesses to prove that at the time you committed this awful crime you were not in the full possession of your senses. With horrible and deliberate cruelty, you sent a fellow-creature to a dreadful fate. A more callous and brutal crime I can hardly conceive."

LIPTONS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

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THE KING & QUEEN OF
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THE KING OF SPAIN.TO H.M.
THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

No shock came with the sentence, for the thing—the dreaded thing that he only half understood—now seemed so distant. The repulsive features were drawn to a grimace, half of rage, half of contempt, and then the condemned man sank again into a lethargy which the warder interrupted by a brisk tap on the shoulder. The fellow stumbled to his feet, and for a moment he felt that all was going wrong, and that he must do something.

In his poor stupid, muddled way he tried to think it all out in his cell—tried to think why he had to die. It was no use. He had a sense—a vague glimmering—that he was being wrongly treated for something worse than what he had done. But he couldn't think clearly—his thoughts would wander—and sometimes he would shiver like a child who is going to be beaten.

And then he would feel more like a wild cat at bay, and long to tear the throats of those soft-voiced people who came and talked blank rot to him, and yet kept him

And so it was till they marched him out, cold and trembling, bound and helpless, and throttled him with all the majesty of the law.

MR. ISAACSTEIN ON THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

"Ikey, lofe," says Repecca, "vot's all dis talk about der Balkans?" "My tear," I says, "if I vos called von Buelachengreyvodki I might be able to tell you, but bein' plain Pritish Isaacstein, I dunno." "Vell," she says, "I seen sometings in the papers about it." "Maype," I says, "But vot you see in der papers is yust vot is on der surface of der diplomatic pool, der quesion is vot is goin' on below?"

"Vell, der odder day der oldt Sultan vos schwimmin' about, havin' a nice quiet time all by his lonesome, ven a young Turk comes along und yumps in und shoves der oldt feller's head under der vater; but der oldt feller he yust laughs, und waits for a chance of kickin' der young feller's feet from under him. Den comes along a Hungry Austrian chap—Hair'n-all—'Hurra!' he says, 'Ven dose two is so busy yatchin' vone anodder dot's der time ven honest fellers like me gets a bit on deir own,' he says, slippin' der vatches out of deir clothes into his pockets.

"Gott sei dank!" he says, seein' der pizness goin' so nicely. But yust dere is where he tread on der banana-skin, my tear, because he hadn' hardlies got der vatches safely in his pocket ven a sort of second cousin of his—brinciple partner in 'Ferdinand Prince (Limited),' runs up und nabs some moneys from dose boor fellers' pockets.

"Here," says Hair'n-all, 'be off now; you ain't fit to be in der diplomatic pool, grabbin' tings like dot. I—I subbose dere's noddings left?' he says, 'How much you got?'

"Two half-crowns, cocky," says Ferdy; 'two halves make vone crown, see? Und vot about dose vatches?'

"Vatches?" says Hair'n-all. 'Mein Gott! you'll be sayin' dot I stole dem next. Vatches?' Ach! he says. 'You're jokin'. It's true dot I haf incorporated dem mit my odder assets, but I've had my eye on dem so long dot dey wouldn' be comfortable anywhere else.

"Himmel! But dere vos a row, my tear. Der two Turks und Hair'n-all und Ferdy all shoutin' at vone anodder, und callin' Herr Gott to witness dot dey would rat'er de dead as see der odders' alive.

"Und by und bye comes down to der banks of der pool all der neighbours, to see if dey couldn' grab sometings too. Und all callin' Gott to witness dot dey vish dey vos dead also. Dere vos a Greek feller dere, on der look out for any leedle trifles, und dere vos young Monty Negro shoutin' for somepodies to holdt him down before he kill beobles, und dere vos der Servian-Crown Prince shoutin' oudt dot it vos time to take off der gloves und draw plood—forgettin' dot his fader, King Peter, couldn' take his off mitout showin' some.

"Altogedder it look like dere vos goin' to be a treadful mix up, ven comes along Yohn Bull, fresh from church.

"Dis is shogin," he says; 'terrible,' he says; 'scand'lus,' he says. 'Am I der only righteous vone,' he says, 'dot I should be left out in der coldt? Ain't dere no odder unfortunates?'

"Gimme some of dose sack-cloths und ashes," shouts a jeller called Hisvodki. 'I ain't got noddings, und here's cousin Johnny Crapaud he ain't got noddings, und here's William-mit-der-grace, he's got left oudt too!'

"Und, my tear, dot's der point dot ve've arrive at now. All dose shameless vones strugglin' in dot pool, und all der honest vones dot hasn' got noddings waitin' to go."

INDIGESTION

If you cannot eat you cannot be strong and well. That is self-evident. Therefore it is unwise to neglect the early symptoms of indigestion. You must suffer if you do. That slight oppression after meals will turn to a dull pain, that dull, heavy feeling over your eyes become the daily headache. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup! Take it now and avoid risks. It is the supreme cure for indigestion, because it ensures perfect action of the digestive organs.

WIND, STOMACH PAINS, HEADACHE ARE ALL CURED BY

"I suffered dreadfully from dyspepsia. Food caused dreadful pains, and I could keep nothing on my stomach. Headaches were of almost daily occurrence and I began to suffer from palpitation. But Mother Seigel's Syrup soon put me on the road to cure, and now I am quite well."

From Miss. Gisson, 15, Charlton Road, Plaietow, London, E. 11/08

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in Tablet Form and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. 1/6 each, 4/6 per bottle.

A Message to all Rheumatic Sufferers.

ELECTRICITY OFFERS A CURE.

Who does not know those grinding, unbearable pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, or Lumbago? This common complaint knows no distinction of age, sex, or class. The causes of the trouble are still a matter of debate amongst medical men, and one of the first in which it was discovered that electricity has an astonishing and permanent effect. The names of medical men who have associated themselves with the electric treatment of the disease are a guarantee in themselves.

Dr. Mitchell Bruce is one of the greatest authorities on this disease. He says that the use of the continuous galvanic current in cases of Muscular Rheumatism occasionally dispels the pain and stiffness almost immediately.

Dr. Erb tells us "the cure of Muscular Rheumatism certainly belongs to the most hopeful province of Electro Therapeutics."

Dr. Karl Nordhorst, of Wiesbaden, reports on 71 cases in which he tried electrical treatment, and out of which there was not one patient who did not derive considerable benefit from it, and only five who were not completely cured at the time of making the report.

"In chronic and sub-acute forms of joint trouble, whether rheumatic, rheumatoid, or gouty," writes Dr. W. S. Hedley, "and in muscular conditions having a similar origin, the usefulness of electrical treatment seems to lie (1st) in the power of removing inflammatory products by the quickening of the circulation and dilatation of the blood vessels that follow localised applications; (2nd) in the stimulant and alternative effect upon general nutrition of generalised electrical applications."

It can be seen that the electrical treatment of Rheumatism is not a new thing or an experiment. Its repeated and remarkable success proves it to be a certainty. The most convenient and effective means known for applying the current is the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. This is an entirely new treatment, the battery being capable of generating a current of great volume continually, with no charging or preparation whatever. It will cure any case of Rheumatism that will yield to electricity. At the International Exhibition held at the Crystal Palace the "Ajax" Battery was awarded the Grand Prix and Gold Medal.

All readers of JOHN BULL should write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and get their free book on the subject. It does not cost you a penny, and will give you much useful information.—

[ADVT.]

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To H.M. The Kaiser, German Emperor.~

SIR,—I am quite sure you mean well by this country, and don't intend to invade us. Much of what you are alleged to have said is welcome truth if you said it, as I hope you did; but when you allege that John Bull is "mad, mad, mad as a March hare," you are at the wrong end of the Kaiserwilhelmsbrücke. If you had said that I was the greatest visible lion who sometimes disguised himself as the greatest visible ass, I would have taken it lying down, even from you. Of course I know you didn't really mean it. You are angry because you have got it into your head that I won't take your right hand of fellowship. But I will, with pleasure, though you mustn't mind my keeping an eye on the left one.

Let us look back a bit. You were the man who sent that congratulatory telegram to Kruger. You won't deny that. When, consequently, you say you loved us so much that you not only drew up a plan of military operations instructing us how to lick Kruger (same being in the archives of Windsor Castle), but that you refused to enter a league with France and Russia against us, you will perceive that you strike us sort of dumb with amazement. Then there was that mysterious business in Morocco prior to the Algeiras Conference. Whatever the game you were actually playing, it certainly looked crooked; and in this world of sip and woe, my dear sir, it isn't sufficient for a man to be good—he must also look it.

Fact is, I suppose, much of the misunderstanding between us comes from your love of the limelight. Don't rush into it at the wrong time. Don't kiss us one minute and then do something which is suspiciously like trying to kick us the next.

We have a saying in my country that a man is known by the company he keeps. We have generally seen you in company which is uncivil to us. Our friends need not necessarily be your friends, but don't be everlastingly embracing our enemies. If you really wish for an *entente cordiale*, without reservation or bunkum, we are ready to offer it to-day—now. What do you say to the offer?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Albert Hunt, Longport, Staffs.

MY DEAR ALBERT,—Your dauntless heroism has been acknowledged and rewarded by your Sovereign conferring on you the Albert Medal. Though when your brother fell into that well of boiling oil and water at the potting factory the call to you was one of kinship, it was a call from which most men would have shrunk in horror. But there was your brother drowning and scorching before your eyes, and without a thought of your own life, or if you thought of it at all, thinking more of his, you plunged into the well, and brought him out—alive. But not, alas, to save him. He lingered awhile in suffering, and then passed to his bourne. And you, my friend? For a time it seemed that you would pay for your act of fraternal heroism with your life. Scalded and in agony, they took you to the hospital as they took your brother, and happily were able to nurse you back to life.

Thanks to the sympathetic interest of your local member, Mr. J. C. Wedgwood, M.P., that hard-won Albert Medal, the Victoria Cross of our industrial life, is now for your breast. Won in a brave, fierce fight with death for the life of the brother you loved so well, you may wear it in the sight of all men with honour and with pride. It is as great a thing as any field of battle could have given you. Other men have won their medals amid a hail of bullets or in a splash of shells; your way was through boiling oil and water, and the agony of it is not to be told. Hunt, I raise my hat to you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. F. M. H. Myers, 2, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall.

MADAME,—After all the self-delusion or humbug which has professed to obtain spirit messages from your dead husband, your plain and unequivocal statement that after a careful study of all the alleged messages you and your son have been unable to find in them "anything of the smallest evidential value," should dispose of all the incredible nonsense which has been written and spoken concerning them. Nobody of honest, sound, and unprejudiced mind could possibly accept the cryptic claptrap which the Psychical Research Society presented to the public. I suppose that if he were able to communicate

with anyone, he would first of all communicate with you, and would not engage the mediumistic services of "Mrs. Holland" to interpret his messages.

I do not know whether, like myself, you have noticed that in their endeavour to establish psychical phenomena by an appeal to facts of experience, spiritualists invariably proceed to demonstration through childish absurdity or meaningless jargon. A departed spirit never sends to earth a message in the plainest terms by the shortest cut. He sends it the longest way round, and when it arrives it is either a cryptogram or a commonplace. I do not know, madame, to what degree, if any, the spiritualistic opinions of your late husband may be yours; but it is something to know, at any rate, that you are able to administer to this latest "psychic" absurdity so direct a snub. JOHN BULL.

To Alan Banister, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—You have my warmest sympathy since your action in marrying your deceased wife's sister is sanctioned by Act of Parliament, and is in no way contrary to the Law of God; also, if you consent to be ex-communicated now, you must live and die as "a notorious evil-liver," and be buried in unconsecrated ground.

So far you have acted wisely and well, and you have won the sympathy of the public. But keep calm. You have a strong case—don't convert the thing into a personal quarrel, or degrade it to the level of a law-suit.

If you turn to your Prayer-book, you will see that you are forbidden to marry your deceased wife's sister, and that this prohibition comes in the same list which forbids the marriage of father and daughter. Therefore, your Bishop cannot regard you and the lady as married people; and, consequently, he must regard you as "evil-livers"; and since your case is known to the parish, he must regard you as "notorious evil-livers."

You may think that the recent Act of Parliament has made this clause in the Affinity Table null and void; and if the Act had been passed before the Test Act had been repealed, your view would have been tenable. But think a moment! How on earth can your Ecclesiastical Authorities allow a medley of Atheists, Papists, Dissenters and Anglicans to legislate for the Church of England? Why, in time there might be an Agapemone majority!

Make friends with your Bishop, and persuade him to interest himself in your case. Agitate, until you force Convocation to repeal or modify the clause which forbids your marriage. Or, better still, go in for disestablishment.

JOHN BULL.

Sir Wilfred Laurier.

Delighted to hear that you have won again, and trust that you may long be spared to preside over the destinies of Canada. It is a comfort to have at least one decent colonial premier.

BULL.

Miss Marjell Matters, Holloway Gael.

How are you getting on? I do not understand why the police took so much trouble to unchain you from the grille after you had been removed from the gallery. I should have left you to unchain yourself.

BULL.

Abdul Aziz, ex-Sultan, Morocco, Fez.

Understand harem 200 odd lovely Circassians for sale? When is auction? Say whether put up "all at" or single specimens. Good market here if private treaty.

BULL.

Sir Christopher Furness, M.P., House of Commons.

Say you know Government Department where you could save £500,000 a year. I know some that we could do without altogether.

BULL.

Tom B. Davis, Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Glad note that ladies must take hats off matinées. Hope they'll keep their hair on.

BULL.

Prebendary Carille, St. Mary-at-Hill Church, Monument, London.

Sermon on Ideal Public House should attract. General notion ideal public house place where get sixpennorth for threepence. Best wishes large collection.

BULL.

Sergeant-Major Reif, 1st Battalion North-Staffs Regiment, Aldershot.

Hear you have just received £3,360 lucky ticket Hamburg State Lottery. Don't invest in another one.

BULL.

A (MRS.) BULL FIGHT.



Toreador Asquith: "That will do—she's getting ngerous."

IN THE CITY.

"WHITE CITY SCANDALS."

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITORS.

In our last issue we mentioned that we had received from M. Saunion a copy of a protest sent to M. Camille Dupont, President of the French Committee of the Exhibition in London, signed by no fewer than 103 of the French exhibitors, against the way in which they had been treated by the Exhibition authorities, and we promised to refer to the matter at greater length in our present issue. In regard to the number of protestors, we considerably under-rated it. It is true that the number 103 was the number of the signatures, but many of them represent a large number of exhibitors. For example, the Syndicat des Vins Mousseux de Saumur represents a large number of wine merchants. So with the Syndicate of Vinegar Merchants of Orleans, and many others. The gravamen of the French complaint is that exhibitors paid enormous prices for stalls which they were assured would be in the main line of visitors coming into the Exhibition, but in fact were quite away from it. They agreed to pay for stands in the gallery leading from Uxbridge Road to Wood Lane, but soon after the opening of the Exhibition, Wood Lane Station was opened, and the authorities did all they could to favour Wood Lane because people went straight from there to the attractions, the principal of which were Mr. Kiralfy's. The result has been that the French stands to which we are referring have been visited by hardly anyone. Little or no business has been done, and heavy loss has been the result. The French exhibitors complain not so much of Mr. Kiralfy or the British authorities as of the French Committee, which was supposed to look after their interests, whose duty it was, in fact, to do so, and whose chief is M. Dupont. In this country the committee has been represented by M. Maurice Estieu, who has been extremely unsympathetic, and, as we are informed, in no way supported what seems to us the very legitimate grievance of the French exhibitors.

And now for a word or two as to other facts as contrasted with the account of them given by Mr. Kiralfy at recent banquets.

Prior to the opening of the Exhibition certain gentlemen guaranteed its obligations to the extent of £250,000. Afterwards there was a loan of £240,000 from a bank upon the security of the guarantee. About £90,000 of the debt to the bank has been repaid, leaving some £150,000 to be dealt with. Practically the receipts from the Exhibition have satisfied other creditors, always excepting claims for many thousands of pounds which are now the subject of litigation, one of these actions being for £17,000 odd. Putting aside these contingent liabilities, the one debt with which the guarantors have to reckon is to the bank of £150,000, there or thereabouts. The committee have been in considerable perturbation for some time past as to this heavy liability, and they shrunk from calling upon the guarantors, but apparently there was no other way out of it. However, Mr. Lyons has come to the rescue by placing £100,000 at the disposal of the committee, and the balance of obligation—whatever it may be—is to be taken over by the new company which is to be responsible for next year's exhibition, and which will consist of Mr. Lyons, Mr. Kiralfy and the committee of the present year. In this way the present guarantors will be relieved, and we sincerely congratulate them upon their happy delivery.

If Mr. Kiralfy had acted up to the fine professions of disinterestedness in which he has been indulging at recent festivities, the deficit to be dealt with would have been much less serious. "I refuse to accept anything for my services," said Mr. Kiralfy, at the complimentary dinner presided over by Lord Strathcona. But what about the profits made on the boats? The Exhibition built the lagoons, and constructed all the landing stages. Surely the Exhibition was entitled to the profits of the undertaking? It only wanted capital of a couple of thousand pounds to run this show with new boats. The boats actually used were old craft from Earl's Court, which had been running for years. Mr. Kiralfy, as Commissioner-General, gave himself, as Exhibitions, Ltd., a concession for the boats, and pocketed the profit over and above the 25 per cent. paid to the Exhibition. This profit amounted to from £16,000 to £18,000, and ought to have

been in the coffers of the Exhibition, and not in those of Exhibitions, Ltd.

Again taking the Kiralfy side-shows—i.e., the side-shows run by Exhibitions, Ltd.—five in all, the receipts amounted to about £90,000. Mr. Kiralfy—in the name of Exhibitions Ltd.—paid the exhibition 25 per cent. for the best positions in the show: other concessionaires paid 45 per cent. and 50 per cent.—put it at an average of 45 per cent. Here there is a difference of 20 per cent. between what other people paid and what Mr. Kiralfy paid, a difference representing something like £18,000. Why should that £18,000 have gone to Mr. Kiralfy or his company? It may be asked how it came that the committee consented to this difference of royalty. The answer to that is that Mr. Kiralfy told the committee that the flip-flap section of the Exhibition would be enormously costly to erect, that it would cost some £50,000, and that it would be impossible for it to pay this year. In consideration of that great outlay the easier terms were conceded. As a matter of fact, the flip-flap section only cost £12,000.

We might go on illustrating the difference between Mr. Kiralfy's profession and practice, but we have said enough to show our readers the true state of affairs, and here we will leave it, hoping for their own sakes that if the present committee become responsible for next year's show they will see to it that proper accounts are kept, and that they are made acquainted with every essential fact.

THE PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Some months ago we commented with severity upon the judgment of the Manchester County Court Judge, Parry, in a case in which a Mrs. Poinson sued the Provincial Homes Investment Company for recovery of moneys paid. Judge Parry denounced the Company as fraudulent, and expressed the hope that the Public Prosecutor would deal with it. We said there was nothing in the evidence to warrant such language, and described it as thoroughly unfair to the Company. We have since received numerous letters from persons protesting against our remarks, and some of them have been impudent enough to suggest that they were not disinterested. Of course, the Company appealed against the decision, and the appeal came before the Lord Chief Justice of England last week. Lord Alverstone ordered a new trial, and, in doing so, said:—

The County Court Judge had gone beyond the evidence in the remarks he had made about fraud. . . Mr. Russell had established the point that the judgment had proceeded upon the basis that the company was fraudulent. There was, however, no evidence by which the County Court Judge could come to such a conclusion. He was, therefore, of opinion that there ought to be a new trial. . . It was essentially a matter which ought to be tried in the High Court.

Here we have a complete vindication of the position we have taken in this matter. It is perfectly monstrous that Judge Parry should charge the Company with fraud when, as the Lord Chief Justice of England puts it, there was no evidence by which he could properly come to such a conclusion.

We have received from the Central Translations Institute, Metric Equivalent Tables, prepared from official figures. They give information in a handy form which is often wanted, but cannot always be got without difficulty.

NEW ISSUES.

We direct attention to the prospectuses of the North Borneo State Rubber, Limited, and the Reliance-Taxi-Cab Co., Limited, to be found on pages 480 and 487.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

HALFORD AND COMPANY.—Hove (Redford).—You may deal with this firm in complete confidence that they will treat you fairly.

W. HUMBERT NEPHEW AND COMPANY.—J. S. L. (Orchide).—We do not wire replies to readers who omit to send the cost of telegrams. Have nothing to do with W. Humbert Nephew and Company. H. O. B. E. (London).—You will see a reference to these people elsewhere.

EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY, LIMITED.—S. T. B. (Swansea).—We know nothing to its prejudice. W. H. G. (Gadshadd).—See previous answer.

MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—W. A. G. (Haverford West).—We have no information respecting it. PROGRESS (Larne).—We should require much evidence to satisfy us that the association can do all its claims to do in the way of benefit.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—B. B. (Denmark Hill).—(1) The Charing Cross Bank has been carrying on business for very many years, and we dare say it is quite safe, but we never recommend deposits with institutions offering such high rates of interest as are offered by this "bank." (2) We know of no prospectus in connection with Lipton's Savings Bank, and we have not a balance-sheet; indeed, we are under the impression that the bank has only very recently been started. ARUNAH (Oxford Terrace).—We should not advise you to deposit with the concerns you name. The interest is too high for our fancy. Your better plan would be to open an account with the Bank of England.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—L. S. (Manchester).—So far as we know, all the bonds delivered were genuine. The trouble was that many bonds that have been paid for were not delivered.

PROVINCIAL HOMES COMPANY.—A. C. (Grimsby).—We doubt very much whether you could get the moneys you have paid returned. We do not think there is any occasion for alarm. G. W. E. (Birmingham).—As at present advised, we do not think the amalgamation detrimental to your interests. L. T. H. (Gravesend).—We can only refer you to what we have said previously on this subject. Denis (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—Ditto.

SUNDREY SECURITIES.—Gaudon (Reading).—(1) This is not a good time to sell securities, and our advice to you is to hold yours, which are all fairly good. **ARNOLD AND BUTLER.**—JOANNES (Cavendish Square).—We are glad to hear that you are a constant reader of JOHN BULL, but you cannot be a reader of this page if you do not know that we have exposed Arnold and Butler a hundred times, that they sued us for libel, admitted in Court that they were rogues and vagabonds, and are now, as they say, closing their swindling business—a statement that may or may not have truth in it. W. R. H. (Hounslow).—We fear you have no remedy. Better write off the loss.

LEEDS AND HATFIELD BREWERIES, LIMITED.—W. B. (We should hold. It is a bad time to dispose of brewery shares just now. When the Lords have thrown out the Bill, things will look up again, and it is not likely that any similar Bill will become law.

BRISTOL OIL AND OIL MILLS.—T. R. G. (Cardiff).—(1) We think that at the price you name, say, 13s., the shares are speculatively attractive. (2) You will be quite safe in depositing with Lipton's Bank.

THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGER.—T. M. (Glasgow).—No. **THE RHEIN-ODER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.**—A. P. (We will look into the matter, and answer you next week.

STOCK EXCHANGE PRICES.—Riverside (Marlow).—You can get the information you want from the Stock Exchange List, which is sold by Messrs. Matheson and Sons, of Threadneedle Street, E.C.

TWO COMPANIES.—L. L. (Edmonton).—We do not think there is any connection between the two.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—TALINE (Paddington).—We should not sell at present. The Licensing Bill, and the society's connection with licensed premises, has a good deal to do with the fall in the society's shares.

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.—F. G. (Leeds).—We think you might make a better selection.

MOWELL.—W. B. (Lower Clapton).—We cannot recommend you to have dealings with them.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—O. W. (Harwell).—The Scottish Association is of standing, as are the two other societies you name. We do not know that there is much to choose between them.

BAKERY SHARES.—ANXIOUS (Hastings).—We are quite unable to decipher the name of the company about which you ask our opinion.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—H. T. (Aberbargoed).—Have nothing to do with it.

THE INVESTMENT REGISTER, LIMITED.—O. S. (Park Lane).—Yes, certainly is a sound and respectable institution.

BOOTS' OIL CHEMISTS, LIMITED.—E. A. G. (Reading).—In your position we should advise a rather different selection.

SANTA ISABEL (UNITED) GOLD MINE.—VERITAS (Sunderland).—There are no dealings in them.

GOVERNOR ROBERTSON'S CIRCULAR.—J. S. T. (Lagos).—We are obliged to you for the pamphlet you send us, and which criticises adversely the action of Governor Robertson.

NEW ZEALAND COMPANY.—S. W. T. (Whitechurch).—We cannot advise purchase of shares in the company you mention.

ADVANCE UPON MORTGAGE.—D. G. (Fulham).—The Perpetual Building Society, of New Bridge Street, is among the best for the advance you want.

NEW GAINST RESTAURANT COMPANY.—B. M. W. (West Kensington).—The reply is in the negative.

PROPERTY OWNER'S LIABILITY POLICY.—E. C. (Bradford).—We think you may safely do so.

HART SUSSEX GAS LIGHT AND WATER COMPANY.—JOHN BULL SIXES (Woodford Green).—Yes, we think so.

SAN FRANCISCO DEL ORO MINES, LIMITED.—ORO (Dublin).—We cannot advise you to join the reconstruction.

KINGSWAY SUPPLY COMPANY.—A. J. (Taunton).—We have no information upon the point.

FINANCIAL NEWS, LIMITED.—J. Mc. (Bishop Auckland).—We think you had better wait in the hope of a dividend this year.

NORTHERN AND SUBURBAN LAND COMPANY.—SEEX (Upper Clapton).—We have no information about the company. Why not write to the secretary, or, better still, call?

READER'S BOOK.—LIMITED.—M. E. H. (Walsell).—We have no sufficient knowledge of the position of this Wolverhampton company to make our advice to you of any value.

BONDHOLDERS' REGISTER.—A. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Any newsagent will get it for you on order.

BOITIAN EXPLORERS, LIMITED.—R. R. (Hull).—We cannot recommend you to put your money into these shares, and the same advice applies to the Colliery shares whose prospectus you send us.

THE BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—E. C. (Camberwell).—Let us have all the particulars to which you refer.

BIRRO COFFEE CHAIN DEVELOPMENT.—Greystone (Bradford).—We know nothing about it.

THE UNITED REALISATION COMPANY.—R. W. (Exeter).—Little or nothing.

THE CITY AND COUNTY HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—BONDS (Barking).—We cannot say that it is the "best" company of this kind in the United Kingdom, but we have no reason for questioning its respectability.

PURE JAMAICA, LIMITED.—T. G. (Belfast).—When the company was brought out we advised our readers not to apply for shares, and we have seen no reason for altering that advice.

FARROW'S BANK.—MEXICO (Nottingham).—We think it safe. O. W. F. (Willesden).—We believe the bank to be deserving of support. R. O. F. C. (Oxford).—You have been misinformed. A. W. C. (Norwich).—We see no reason to modify our opinion as to the position of the bank.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—F. (Manchester).—We can add nothing to the reply you have received from the Official Receiver.

PREMIUM BONDS.—G. J. J. (Glasgow).—(1) The "Bondholders' Register" can be got from any newsagent upon order. (2) We advise you not to touch Serbian Bonds, more especially at this time. BONDSEMAN (Newport).—Ditto.

J. C. H. (Dublin).—The drawings are given in the "Bondholders' Register". W. S. O. (Edinburgh).—Of the two we should prefer Messrs. Halford and Co., of Palmerston House, New Broad Street, E.C. COLLIERAY (Larkhill).—The answer is in the negative. IVANHOE (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—The only thing you can do is to sell the bonds, if you are not willing to run the risk of keeping them. H. E. J. (Eton).—The Bondholders' Register publishes these drawings. CONSTANT READER (Merthyr).—Yes, they are all right. The information you want is found in the "Bondholders' Register".

VINCENT KROBESIA COMPANY.—J. G. H. (Nottingham).—We do not know.

SOUTHERN LONDON DISTRICT GAS COMPANY.—E. A. B. (Burgoyne Road).—If you can sell without much loss, we advise you to do so.

LOAN UPON PROPERTY.—PROPERTY (Notts).—We are not able to help you in the matter. You should apply to some local man who knows the value of the property.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—ENQUIRER (Dunbreck).—Your experience is that of many. The company was a swindle, and the man responsible for it is wanted.

SAVINGS, INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—H. P. (Manchester).—We think not. H. W. (Hornsey).—The answer is in the negative.

PURCHASE OF STOCKS.—C. G. (Soaring).—(1) Even stockbrokers must live, which they would find it pretty difficult to do if your notions of what is a fair payment for services rendered prevailed. (2) D. H. Evans' Cumula-

tive Pref. and Imperial Tobacco would give you the return you want with ample security. So would John Bull Six per Cents.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—W. H. L. (Northampton).—Yes, we think you would be quite safe.

KNIGHT'S CENTRAL.—T. H. C. (Kennington).—We think them a promising speculative purchase at the present quotation.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. A. (Shoeburyness).—The address of the society is Southampton Buildings, High Holborn.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST, LIMITED.—F. H. (Southfields).—Yes, it is quite safe.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—THRIFTLESS (Sydenham).—We should advise you to let your savings stay in the Savings Bank until they have grown a little larger, when write to us again. CARDIFF.—We cannot answer anonymous communications.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

THE GREYHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.—W. H. B. (Sheffield).—It is to be regretted that the results were not more favourable, but it is to be borne in mind that during one quinquennial period whilst your policy was in force no bonus was paid, the whole surplus having been used to strengthen the reserve of the office. In addition to this, you were evidently what is called a "decidedly under average life," and charged a substantial extra premium accordingly—as is the practice in all life offices.

NEW-TARIFF OFFICE.—H. B. (Brighton).—The Fine Art and General Assurance Company is the leading office. Twelve per cent. was paid to shareholders in 1907, and the business of the company is rapidly developing. The company transacts accident, burglary, and transit insurance, as well as fire business.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. B. (Liverpool).—The answer is in the negative.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. P. (Lewisham).—If your circumstances are such as you describe, you have our hearty sympathy. It seems to us that the course you suggest is the best that you can take.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—COURT (Borough Green).—No.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—A. J. B. (Leicester).—We have your letter with its enclosures, from which it appears that the company continues to call itself by its old name. If, as the secretary states, "there is no surplus available for distribution," or for the payment of surrender values, obviously they cannot make you an offer for your two policies. The position is an extremely unsatisfactory one, and we find it very difficult to advise you as to whether you should go on paying or write off the money you have paid as a bad debt. Our own opinion is that the company will never be on a thoroughly sound footing. We return the letters.

GENERAL UNION MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—D. C. (Glasgow).—We do not think there is any occasion for your anxiety. We return the correspondence together with the two books.

WORKMEN AND GENERAL INSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. H. (Croydon).—Yes, we think so.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. M. (Sheffield).—The company lost £262,751 by the San Francisco disaster, but, nevertheless, its position is very strong, and last year's trading was very satisfactory. In the life department the surplus of the non-participation branch belongs to the shareholders, and the surplus of the participation branch to the participating policyholders. The assured in the participating section have practically all the benefits of mutual life assurance, for, not only do they receive the whole of the profits on their fund, but their expenses are limited to the very moderate proportion of 10 per cent. on the premiums. Very good bonuses are paid.

CENTRAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. L. (Dalston).—The business of this company has, in fact, been acquired by the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, but the Central is continued as a separate company under the auspices of the Liverpool and London and Globe.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—ROBSON (Manchester).—We have no doubt you would be quite safe in insuring with the company you name.

COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—ANXIOUS (Cardiff).—You need not worry about the stability of this society. Under their whole life table, at age 39, a policy for £300 under the "tontine" system used to be granted at the premium you quoted. On the member surviving the tontine period named in the policy he would have the option of dealing with it in any one of six methods, including that of taking the profits in cash and continuing the assurance for the original amount by paying premiums when they fall due, the policy participating in profits like an ordinary policy. It is true that you can take a paid-up policy under Option "D," but a medical examination for this option would only be required in the event of the amount of the policy under it exceeding the sum insured under the original policy. There would be a surrender value to such a policy, but it would be entirely against your interest to surrender, as by so doing you would forfeit all right to participate in the profits which would be declared on the completion of the tontine period.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—O. L. A. (Cardiff).—The head office is in Toronto, where the company was founded in 1847. It is the oldest of the Colonial Life Offices, its head office in England being at 14, King William Street, E.C. Valuation for profit distributions are made quinquennially, the next falling due on December 31st, 1909. At the end of 1904 the surplus amounted to £282,227, of which £218,223 appears to have been distributed as the participating policyholders are entitled to nine-tenths of the divided surplus, and £198,464 was apportioned amongst them. The reversionary bonuses declared on life policies is £1 at 6 per cent. per annum. It is stated that this bonus does not represent the normal rate declared by the company, which has averaged over 40 per cent. per annum, and that the reduction was due to reducing the interest of valuation bonuses from the former standard to 4 per cent. Bonuses do not vest until after five premiums have been paid.

John Bull Six Per Cents.

We are prepared to deal in these shares, our present quotation being 1-1½, that is to say, par to an eighth premium; or, in other words, we are buyers at £1 per share and sellers at £1 2s. 6d. per share, fully paid. The shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preference Dividend of six per cent. per annum, and they possess the further right to be exchanged at the option of the holder into Ordinary Shares.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

PRINTERS AND LIBEL.

The judgment in *W. H. Smith and Son v. Clinton and Harris* is a very important one for printers. Some time ago Parr's Bank recovered heavy damages against *Vanity Fair* and Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, as its printers and publishers, for libel. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son were supposed to be covered by the usual indemnity given by newspaper proprietors against loss for libel, but the proprietors of *Vanity Fair* refused to pay on the ground that the indemnity was *ultra vires*. In taking this ground the proprietors of *Vanity Fair* took a view of the law which many publishers have been advised by their legal advisers to be the correct one, and the result, so far as the first bout goes, confirms their view. In a considered judgment Lord Coleridge has decided that the indemnity given by the proprietors of *Vanity Fair* to Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, and as it applies to the case which gave rise to the litigation, is of no value. It would, however, be a mistake, even assuming that this judgment is upheld by the superior Courts, to assume that all indemnities are valueless because this particular one has been judged to be under the special circumstances that caused it to be tested.

We gather from Lord Coleridge's judgment that, in his opinion, the indemnity would be held good if Smith and Son had inserted the libel by accident or through inadvertence. Lord Coleridge gave against the plaintiffs because he found that the libel had been published with their knowledge. It was given in evidence that they had full knowledge of its contents before publication, and that there was consultation between them and the representatives of the paper upon it which led to its being "toned down" from its original virulence before publication. The law, as laid down by Lord Coleridge, is as follows, if his interpretation of it is correct:—

The result of the various decisions seems to be that where one person requests another to commit, or where they jointly commit an indifferent act of which the illegality does not appear, but which may subsequently be proved to be tortious, the contractual relation may arise, and where one party induces another party by fraud to commit a tortious act, and that other party does not in fact know, and need not be presumed to know that he was doing an unlawful act, he may have redress or contribution. The principle, however, of there being no contribution between tort-feasors is confined to cases where the party seeking redress or contribution knew, or may be presumed to have known, that he was committing an unlawful act.

We daresay printers will declaim against this ruling, but it seems to us to be in accordance with equity. Printers may say that it is impossible for them to edit the papers they publish, or to satisfy themselves that no sentence in those papers is libellous. The answer to that we take to be that where matter is plainly libellous their readers will, or should, bring the matter to their notice, and if, in their judgment, or that of their legal advisers, the publication of the matter would subject them to an action for libel, they can safeguard themselves by refusing to print it. There would be no difficulty in this. There might be if the papers published were daily papers, but as a matter of fact the daily papers print and publish on their own account. It is with weekly papers that for all practical purposes this judgment deals, and here there should be no difficulty in the printers ascertaining in ample time before publication the character of any dangerous matter it might be desired to publish.

There is, however, one important point which, so far as we are aware, has never been settled. Suppose that the attention of the printer is called to something which, *prima facie*, is obviously libellous, but that on his refusing to print it he is offered proof of its truth. Is he bound to consider such evidence, or is he entitled to say, "I am not a lawyer, and it is no part of my business, as printer, to act as a jury in a libel case—and I decline to print," or is he open to an action for breach of contract? Or, if having honestly considered the facts and decided to print, and the libel turns out to be false, is he entitled to recover on his indemnity?

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Eugen Sandow, whose career from the first moment he burst into public notice has been one long succession of ever-increasing successes, is, as probably every reader of JOHN BULL knows, the founder of a new science of curing illness by entirely natural means. He claims to have proved beyond dispute that from within the body, without requiring any external help we every one of us have the power of combating and overcoming practically every form of illness from which mankind and womankind suffer.

The extraordinary success which has followed his introduction of scientific exercises for this purpose has caused people from all over the world to consult him for their troubles. As is usually the case, the first to realise the wonders of the modern method of curing illness without medicine were the most eminent medical men in all countries. Then it was only natural that the patients of those great specialists—Royalty, nobility, and the richer classes learnt of the marvellous cures which Mr. Sandow brought about, and they flocked, and are to-day flocking, to him for the relief and cure of all manner of illnesses.

An Increasing Fame.

Day by day the fame of what Mr. Sandow is accomplishing with the exercise cure is spreading, therefore it is particularly gratifying to be able to convey to the readers of JOHN BULL particulars of an arrangement by means of which every reader who is either ill or out of a condition of perfect health, or not so well physically developed as he or she would like to be, may either call upon or write to Mr. Sandow, telling

him what the trouble is, and he will—without charge—consider each case, and write an opinion as to whether his marvellous new natural treatment would be likely to bring about a cure.

When one considers how busy a man Mr. Sandow is—for probably there is no specialist in the world more sought after than he to-day—readers of JOHN BULL will appreciate what this offer means. It is made because Mr. Sandow is determined that the benefits of curative physical culture shall not be confined only to the wealthy, or even to those who can come and see him. He has arranged that readers of JOHN BULL who write to him can obtain the benefit of his advice without cost, and if they are found to be cases in which he can do good, they may then secure his treatment by correspondence at a very small cost, so that all sufferers shall be enabled to realise in their own persons the wonders of exercise as a cure.

It must not be thought that what is called the scientific exercise treatment is a severe and trying form of cure. There are no weights to lift, no strains to be undergone. Children, women at all periods of their lives, men of thirty, fifty, seventy, eighty, or more years, can all find in Mr. Sandow's advice a means of regaining lost health, and very often obtaining glorious vigorous vitality for the first time in their lives. Men and women who, owing to sedentary occupations, are becoming too stout, can learn from Mr. Sandow how to naturally dispose of and eliminate from their bodies not only the fat, but the causes which create it, so that they subsequently avoid a repetition of the trouble.

Lady readers who suffer from curvatures of the spine or other skeletal deformities, can, without the use of instruments, gradually and thoroughly and pleasantly bring their bodies to as perfect a state as their at present more fortunate sisters.

That large class of readers who every winter suffer from asthma, catarrh, and other chest complaints, can strengthen their chests and the organs of their bodies until these troubles become a thing of the past. Then, again, another important group—and there must be thousands of JOHN BULL readers who belong to this class—namely, those who, through irregularity of the functions, have become dyspeptic, troubled with indigestion, constipation, insomnia, or that awful palpitation the curse of so many lives, can now find that each and every one of these conditions is thoroughly cured by Mr. Sandow's method.

It is all so very wonderful, and it is quite impossible in the space of a page of JOHN BULL to tell one-tenth part of the curative force which is in the body of each of us, and which Mr. Sandow can show us how to bring into being to overcome whatever is our special weakness.

The Conquest of Weakness and Illness.

It must be mentioned that, in addition to considering the cases of readers, Mr. Sandow will send an illustrated book fully describing the method, and also a complete report from the famous newspaper *Truth* of an investiga-

tion made into thousands of cases of people who had consulted him. In this report it will be seen that Mr. Sandow was successful in ninety-nine out of every 100 cases in doing good for the sufferer, and in no less than ninety-four out of every 100 brought about a complete achievement of the object for which he had been consulted. Such a glorious record of conquest over weakness and illness has never before been approached, and probably never will be again, certainly not by any other means than scientific exercise, of which Mr. Sandow is undoubtedly the most experienced and successful exponent.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of all in telling JOHN BULL readers of this offer is that, however long one may have suffered, however many different drugs or patent medicines one may have swallowed without any good effect, Mr. Sandow's exercise cure can be relied upon to bring about the desired relief.

These facts may seem to have been expressed in very glowing terms; but one who has seen and has been in touch with hundreds of ill people, and noted the change which came with the first week following Mr. Sandow's exercise prescriptions, can do nothing else but use the strongest language at command to ensure that those who suffer shall not neglect this opportunity of obtaining Mr. Sandow's book, which tells, with many illustrations, how they themselves may experience a similar glorious improvement.

"JOHN BULL" SPECIAL CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE COUPON FOR THE READER'S CONVENIENCE.

Arrangements have been made by which Mr. Sandow will, without any charge, study the cases of JOHN BULL readers who fill in this coupon and send a personal letter giving his opinion upon the suitability of their cases or a complete cure by scientific exercises. At the same time he will forward also, without charge, a copy of his booklet, "Health from Physical Culture," and a full reprint of the "Truth" investigation report on the success of this method.

A letter on ordinary notepaper will do quite as well, but for convenience this Form of Enquiry may be filled in and forwarded to Mr. Sandow.

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32A, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Please send me a copy of "Health from Physical Culture," and also a reprint of the "Truth" investigator's Report on the results of the Sandow Treatment, together with your opinion as to whether mine is a case for a cure by scientific exercise.

Please say whether } NAME
Mr., Mrs., Miss, } ADDRESS
or other title. }

Here give particulars concisely, but as completely as possible, such as age, occupation, previous illness, etc., duration of the weakness or illness for which the applicant is desirous of looking into the question of the Curative Physical Culture Treatment. Mr. Sandow will endeavour to accompany the books with a personal letter of advice as to the suitability of the case for a cure by exercise.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. BULL.

A FEMININE USE FOR PETROL.

Have you ever tried cleaning delicate garments with petrol? It is almost magical in its results. First to obtain the stuff. The easiest plan is certainly to beg from a friend who owns a motor-car, as you may have some difficulty in obtaining a sufficiently small quantity from a garage. It is sold there for two shillings a gallon, but that is too large a quantity for the home cleaner. So to obtain your humble sixpennyworth go to a cycle shop where motor-bicycles are sold. Having everything in readiness, pour some of the petrol out into a washing basin (corking up the remainder tightly), and dip into the fluid the objects you wish to clean; gloves, laces, flowers, ties, and so on. Unless they are very soiled there is no need for rubbing; just squeeze them two or three times in the hands, and the dirt vanishes like magic. For a silk blouse pour out a proportionately larger quantity, and boldly dip the garment in wholesale, tossing it about and rubbing any particularly dirty spots. In a couple of minutes it will be as good as new; hang it up, and in a few more minutes it will be quite dry. Velvet or trimmings on a dress can be stretched over the knee, and rubbed clean by a cloth dipped in the petrol. The way the spirit evaporates is quite extraordinary; the poured-out portion melts under one's very eyes. This it is makes petrol such dangerous stuff to use in this manner, for the entire atmosphere becomes permeated with its fumes, so that if a light be lit quite a distance away from the scene of operations the whole place may flare up in a minute. A lady was lately cleaning a pair of gloves with this useful, dangerous stuff. In the further corner of her enormous bedroom stood a tiny lamp heating her curling irons. The petrol formed an invisible trail over to the flame, and in an instant the glove upon the poor woman's hand was ablaze. So although petrol is a truly marvellous cleanser, we unquestionably call it into our service at our own peril.

TEA, GLORIOUS TEA.

How to make tea to best advantage is one of those things that everybody flatters themselves they know, and doubtless this is very largely true. Nevertheless there are a few small points that are quite often overlooked. Phyllis Browne, the great authority on cooking, strongly disagrees with the popular fancy that an earthenware teapot makes the best tea—she declares that the one and only advantage of the earthenware pot is that it is easier to keep clean, and that a great deal of the success of the brew depends upon absolute cleanliness of the utensils used. Of course everybody knows the little dodge of heating the pot by rinsing it with hot water before putting in the leaves, and everybody knows too that the water itself must be actually boiling, "Unless the water boiling be, filling the teapot spoils the tea," but it is not generally known how very important it is that the water shall have only recently come to the boil. Stuff that has been bubbling and steaming away for a quarter of an hour or so is not fit to make tea with. Another point for the particular-minded is that the best tea cannot be made with hard water. If soft water is not obtainable the difficulty can be got over by a weeny-teeny pinch of soda being dropped into it just after it has been poured upon the leaves. If too much soda is used, however, it defeats its own ends, and spoils the precious brew. Finally, do not fill the pot up to the brim while it is drawing—complete the filling just before the tea is poured out. Follow these directions carefully, and you will make such tea as you never tasted before. Another cup, please!

TEA-GOWNS FOR CHILLY DAYS.

Some of the most refined of new models for the cold afternoons that are so near, rely for their smartness on discreet touches of fur. There is a subtle charm in the combination of fur with such airy-fairy fabrics as chiffon and fine lace—the flimsy materials seem to emphasize the richness of the fur, while the fur brings out the elegance of the lace, and so on. A very simple gown, but none the less attractive, was designed thus. Imagine a pale blue woollen material with small silky white spots, made to hang loosely from throat to feet in soft gracious folds. Over the shoulders is a folded fichu of ecru spotted net, edged with a fall of very deep lace. The line of juncture is covered by a half-inch wide band of sable. The throat of the gown opens in a tiny V, and is finished by a pale pink rose. The fastening down the front is closed by blue enamel buttons. The sleeves are long, the folded cuffs of net ending in lace and bands of the fur. Another very dashing creation, intended for a brilliant brunette, was made of that "Lady Macbeth" material, ruby velvet. Fitting under the arms, and loose in front, a wateau-pleat down the back lost itself in a voluminous train. There was a tiny bolero, embroidered in flowers of raised gold cord, and edged by a couple of narrow bands of rich sealskin. The sleeves, ending at the elbow, were rucked and folded indescribably, but they ended in bold gauntlet cuffs, embroidered in gold, and edged with fur. I was also shown a charming little pair of slippers made of sealskin, designed to go with this gown. Ruby and diamond earrings and brooches would be worn.

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This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

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CAPITAL AND INTEREST GUARANTEED BY THE BRITISH NORTH BORNEO COMPANY.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter dated 1st November, 1881.)

The British North Borneo Company (hereinafter referred to as the Government) holds sovereign and territorial rights over the State of North Borneo, which is a British Protectorate comprising an area of about 31,000 square miles.

North Borneo State Rubber, Limited

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1907.)

CAPITAL £150,000

Divided into 100,000 Guaranteed Shares of £1 each, and 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

ALL THE ORDINARY SHARES ARE RESERVED FOR FUTURE ISSUE.

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The above 100,000 Guaranteed Shares are now offered for Subscription at par, payable as follows:—

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4s. " " Allotment.

15s. " " 1st January, 1909.

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Directors.—WILLIAM CLARK OOWIE, Esq. (Managing Director of the British North Borneo Company), 37, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., Chairman.

ALEXANDER OOK, Esq. (late Finance Commissioner to the British North Borneo Government), 37, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

CHARLES ERNEST MORRISON, Esq. (Director of the Langkon North Borneo Rubber, Limited), Camberlot Hall, Hellingly, Sussex.

The Right Hon. Lord TENTERDEN, 12, Gifford Mansions, Gifford Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.

HENRY WAGSTAFF, Esq., 98, Breakspears Road, Brookley, London, S.E.

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Solicitors.—Messrs. STEPHENSON, HARWOOD AND CO., 31, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Brokers.—Messrs. LAURENCE, SONS AND GARDNER, 13, Copthall Court, London, E.C.

Auditors.—Messrs. TURQUAND, YOUNGS AND CO., 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

Secretary and Offices.—HARRINGTON G. FORBES, Esq., 37, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes, amongst other objects, of acquiring from the British North Borneo Company, of 37, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. (hereinafter referred to as the Government), the Concession of an Estate of 5,000 acres in British North Borneo, to be held on a 999 years' lease, free of quit rent, and of cultivating Para Rubber thereon. The whole of the land to be acquired will be held subject to the Land Regulations (1894) of British North Borneo.

British North Borneo is eminently suitable for the cultivation of Para Rubber. In this connection it may be stated that sixty trees, about 6½ years old, in the Government Experimental Gardens at Tenom, on the railway, produced last year 107½ lbs. of rubber, or an average of about 1½ lbs. per tree.

The attention of investors is specially drawn to the following most important advantages:

(1) By the terms of the Concession the Government has agreed not to charge any export duty on rubber grown on the Company's Estate for a period of fifty years from the 1st April, 1905.

(2) By the terms of the Concession holders of Shares of the present issue will under the guarantee of the Government be assured the receipt, during six years from the 1st January, 1909, of minimum dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum in respect of the guaranteed Shares held by them.

(3) By the terms of the Concession the Government has further undertaken to purchase, at par, at the expiry of the above-mentioned period of six years, the whole or any portion of the holding of Shareholders desirous of selling their Shares, provided that they give, prior to the 31st December, 1914, not less than three and not more than four months' notice in writing of their intention to sell, and that the Shares in respect of which such notice shall have been given shall be transferred to the Government on or before 31st January, 1915. The Government at its discretion may make payment for all Shares transferred to it under this option, either in cash or by the issue of transferable Certificates of indebtedness, of an equal nominal amount. These Certificates, which the Government reserves the right to redeem subject to three months' notice, will entitle the holder thereof to interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum until they are redeemed; and, if not redeemed earlier by the Government, to payment of the capital on 31st December, 1950.

The gross revenue of the Government increased from £23,680 in 1900 to £143,818 in 1907, and its net revenue during the same period increased from £14,167 to £53,998.

The sum standing to the credit of Profit and Loss Account in the Government Balance-Sheet on the 31st December, 1907 (the end of the last Financial year), was £134,201, out of which a dividend of 4 per cent. was distributed on the present paid-up capital of the Company, namely, £903,687.

The Concession provides that the money to be advanced under the minimum dividend guarantee shall be refunded by the Company to the Government without interest out of profits exceeding 5 per cent. in any year on the whole of the capital for the time being paid up, and that no Debentures or other Shares shall be issued until such repayment, without the consent in writing of the Government.

It is estimated that the working capital provided by this issue should be sufficient to plant and bring into bearing about 2,500 acres of rubber, the net proceeds from which should result, after the expiry of the guarantee, in large and increasing profits.

The total consideration to be paid by the Company to the Government for the Concession, including the 5,000 acres of land and the rubber planted thereon, together with all improvements, buildings, etc., is £25,000 in cash.

The Estate will be handed over to the Company as a going concern as from the 1st January, 1909, and the Government will pay all outgoings in Borneo up to that date. 500 acres of jungle have already been felled and 150 acres planted with Para Rubber.

Application is intended to be made in due course to the Stock Exchange for a special settlement and quotation.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be received) and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, Auditors, and the Secretary of the Company. Dated 3rd November, 1908.

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THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

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What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.*

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

This is a model biography, calm and dispassionate, eloquent and entertaining. There are some wonderful cameos of that most thrilling period in modern history, when the chartists laid the foundations of our present comparative liberties.

Poor-law guardians had large numbers of orphans, or reputed orphans, on their hands, and soon the tumbrils rolled northward in all haste with their loads of timid, wide-eyed children for the mills. Stunted, worn, ill-fed boys and girls of eight years—often enough of seven, and sometimes six—were handed over to the manager. By working them fourteen hours a day (in most cases), herding them like sheep, and feeding them like pigs—but less abundantly, as their fat was not marketable—one could make much money. The natives were compelled to offer their own children. Their wage was one penny a day, and they brought down the parent's wage to a shilling. A family could live, and meet its patriotic share in the new national debt of £860,000,000 on less than ten shillings a week. In cellars without windows—for windows were taxed—and without drains, where doctor must pick his way warily to the bed of the fever-patient, two or three families could keep each other warm of a winter's night.

It was in this atmosphere that Holyoake was born and bred. He saw little of his father in the early years, for "men often worked in those days from five in the morning until nine at night, with no half-day on Saturdays, and his father was a valued worker and foreman in a large foundry." Like most of the children of his class, he was left to educate himself in the streets till he was eight or nine, when he was commandeered for the workshop. In fact, all his early memories were tinged with privation and sorrow and unending toil. It is not surprising that he should have come to disbelieve in God and to struggle against authority. The only wonder is how he contrived to retain his courage and the sweetness of his disposition.

The character of Gladstone is revealed more sympathetically than many followers of Holyoake might expect.

Deeply abhorring unbelief as Gladstone did, disposed, as he was, to discover a weak or inferior character always associated with it, he nevertheless shows a regard for Holyoake that is not a mere recognition of political services or a respect for culture.

Gladstone's interest was chiefly attracted by his co-operative work, but he did not shrink from a study of secularism in spite of his strong disapproval. As he wrote to Holyoake, "I earnestly desire to hear the other side, and I appreciate the advantage of having it stated by sincere and high-minded men." Great cordiality continued between them, and in 1881, when it had been suggested that Holyoake should receive a public appointment, he wrote to Gladstone declining it for himself but suggesting that something should be done instead for his friend and colleague, Thomas Cooper. Explaining his motives, Holyoake wrote: "I have always taught self-help and self-reliance with the force of a passion. I have never appeared among those who sought anything for themselves. I maintain always and everywhere that the people should keep the State, not the State the people."

There are several references to Joseph Chamberlain, and it is now interesting to note that this gentleman used to be in favour of a "sweeping secular measure," for, as he put it, "wresting education out of the hands of priests of all shades." I wish I had space to summarise the many important passages about Charles Bradlaugh. Holyoake did not always agree with him, but delivered an appropriate funeral oration. "He was," said Holyoake, "the most illustrious fighting propagandist they had ever seen. Freedom could not be obtained by any party if they shrank from the price to be paid for it. Bradlaugh knew this, and he paid the price. His creed was to take the world as he found it, and try to make it better."

This was also the creed of Holyoake. Though he was often misunderstood and misjudged, though the unpopularity of his beliefs exposed him to violence and injustice, the time has now come when public opinion unites in applauding his services to mankind. Those services, the integrity of his character, the sweetness of his disposition, his idealism fortified by common-sense, his unflagging courage and unswerving independence are all admirably translated in the present biography.

* "Life and Letters of George Jacob Holyoake," by Joseph McCabe. (London: Watts and Co. 1908. 2 vols. 16s. net.)

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the peace of Europe will be preserved by allowing pieces to be taken.

That our Army aeroplane is built on Wright lines.

That Turkey is very much cut up.

That "Canon" Thompson ought to be "fired."

That "Saint" Alexander was glad to get rid of his mantle.

That all Cabinet Ministers know the meaning of "rush."

That Hall Caine will appear as Shakespeare in the Lord Mayor's Show.

"Tariff Reform means a way out for Mr. Asquith," says the *Express*. A way out of office?

"The Lyons Mail" is well to the front just now, but the Lyons female is still waiting.

A judge at the Blackpool Musical Festival got so wearied that he begged for a rest. In a bar!

A Pera municipal officer has received two years' for speaking abusively of the Sultan. Abdul the Damned indeed.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* alludes to Mr. Herbert Gladstone as a "Hm-pet." But some people think he is too easily moved.

"Services in the Lyceum," we read. Hasn't there been preaching enough there lately?

The President of the Board of Education recently told some Suffragettes that "his official duty was to educate them." But they believe that they can teach him a thing or two.

A Newcastle-on-Tyne youth of twenty has died from excessive cigarette smoking. Fagged out.

"We are the slaves of circumstances," says Philip Gibbs. If so, the phrase "under the circumstances" may be correct after all.

"Our Daily Bread," is the title of a recent novel. Evidently a book to be devoured.

Dr. J. F. Little says that after twenty-five years' service a policeman is worn out. Some of the force are good for nothing before them.

According to R. Temple Thurston, "Few women can draw a straight line." No wonder they want to rule.

Lord Roberts' suggestion that every boy should be taught rifle shooting would give our youths an aim in life.

"Two Lawyers Lynched," reads a heading. Settled out of court.

"Never start to do anything until you can see the end of the road you are travelling," advises Mr. K. Blunt. But if you don't start, you never will see the end.

Seventeen persons were killed and two hundred and sixty-six injured in the American baseball season just ended. No wonder they call it a base ball game.

"Every woman is at heart a barbarian," says the *Ladies Field*. No doubt all are, at times, a little savage.

"Baker's Shop Raided," we read. By loafers, of course.

The child born in the gallery of a theatre at Sheffield recently can at least claim high birth.

The Rev. R. J. Walker, of St. Paul's School, is to be the new Mayor of Hammermith. He should be able to keep all classes in order.

The father of a missing daughter says, "There will be a warm welcome for her." This does not tie his hands.

"Flattery is the coin of hypocrites," according to Paul A. Keegan. But it never rings true.

The 14ft. hat worn by a music-hall artiste is said to be quite the latest fash.

A New York doctor says that electrocution is inhuman. Undoubtedly it is shocking.

"Music is the expression of one's emotions—so is swearing," says L. Farmer. Harmony and discord.

"Government's Only Card," reads a heading. The deuce, apparently.

A naval pensioner has committed suicide just after signing the pledge. Verdict—Suicide while temperately insane.

Two smugglers have been caught at Bristol. The authorities were on the quay-viva. They knew their duty.

Unlike our criminals, after our destroyers have finished they are taken into the dock.

The theatrical manager who was unable to prevail upon two ladies to remove their enormous matinee hats, succeeded, nevertheless, in getting their hair off.

"Holy Orders" is a novel which treats very much of Unholy disorders.

A man has been arrested for changing a cheque for £2 into one for £20. He can plead that he added nothing to it.

AMAZING OFFER OF BLANKET BARGAINS.

ANNUAL SALE OF SAMPLES.

We are clearing out some thousands of pairs of Sample Blankets at simply Giving-away Price—all Clean and Fresh Goods of superb quality. They are packed in Bales, containing ten most useful and superior Blankets ready for instant despatch, and we refund your Money if you are not perfectly satisfied with this wonderful Bargain Lot.

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BLANKETS

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25/-

10 SPLENDID
BLANKETS.

The LOT for 25/- Carriage Paid.

A Simply Astounding Bargain.

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These are all Fine Quality, Perfect Goods, and not soiled in any way.

The contents of this Monster Bale of Splendid Blanket Samples are as follows:—

- One Superb White WITNEY BLANKET, soft, warm, comfortable quality, 78 in. by 78 in.
- One Splendid White WITNEY BLANKET, full size, pretty borders, warm and durable.
- One Homespun BLANKET, natural shade, useful for under blankets, 64 in. by 74 in.
- Two Soft, Warm, Fine Quality GRID BLANKETS, pretty borders, very durable.
- One Heavy, Warm, Good Wearing Natural BLANKET, with shaded borders, full size.
- One Superb Quality White WITNEY BLANKET, thick, warm, finest quality, large size.
- One Useful Coloured BLANKET, soft, warm, and comfortable, full size.
- One Splendid White WITNEY BLANKET, for a pillow, superb quality, 70 in. by 80 in.
- One Good Homespun BLANKET, natural shade, very useful, warm quality.

10 Blankets for 25/- the Lot!

THE WHOLE LOT FOR 25/- Packed complete and Carriage Paid to any address in the British Isles. Shipping Orders Carriage Paid to Port of Export and Shipped Cheapest possible route. Money instantly returned in full if you are not perfectly pleased with our Bargain. **WRITE AT ONCE**, as this advertisement may not appear again. Our Complete Catalogue can be had post free per return.

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MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE WAREHOUSEMEN, and SHIPPERS.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OUR CHRISTMAS BOX SCHEME.—In view of the heavy work involved in the examination of claims, we shall be obliged if our readers will send in any coupons they may have in hand up to the end of October; and, further, if they will adopt a similar course at the end of this month.

JOHN BULL SIX PER CENTS.—Readers desirous of acquiring a proprietary interest in JOHN BULL are referred to the notice at end of our City article, on page 443.

J. W. (Sunbury).—We do not mind receiving letters in Phonography, but we are afraid your speed outruns your discretion when you say that we printed a sentence about "smacking Bertie baccy." You should be more careful.

"JOHN VIEW" (Garden City).—When you give us your name and address we shall be happy to reply to you.

"PUZZLED" (Handsworth).—We have already noticed the ill-advised letter from Mr. Chamberlain's Secretary.

Mr. F. C. Strickland, of 25, Hollingsworth Street, Barnsbury, to whose case in the Clerkenwell County Court we recently referred, wishes it to be clearly understood that, despite his name, he is not an alien. We never intended to suggest that he was—in fact, at the time of writing the paragraph we did not know his name—but are glad to give prominence to his disclaimer.

W. S. (Edinburgh).—Excellent material for an interesting par. Mum's the word.

"NEWTON" (Glasgow) enquires about W. B. Philpin and Co., Employment, Commercial and Partnership Agents (18, Charlotte Street, W.), who obtained 5s. registration fee, and then did nothing.

"SQUIRREL" (Kidderminster) says that someone eulogised the Mayor for having made himself universally popular during "the first year of his morality." What a kiddler!

"ALABO" (Gloucester) wants a biscuit for a tramway ticket marked "transfer ticket (not transferable)," but this obviously refers to a change of cars not a change of holders. He says, "Kindly stop your articles on Civil Service because I am working up for a History School." What has that to do with it?

T. T. (London, E.) complains of the number of "great lazy policemen" who attend meetings of the unemployed on Tower Hill. They haven't been very lazy lately at Westminster.

P. W. H. P. (Cheltenham) says the Eucharistic procession was stopped "because it was sincerely wished that the Catholics should not be subject to any insult." No doubt that was Mr. Kensit's intention.

"DOCKENDO DISCUMUS" (Kingland Road) wants a biscuit for the Manager of the Coliseum for announcing on his bills:

MR. YVETTE GUILBERT,
THE FAMOUS DISEUSE.

He informs us that "the correct word is danseuse." This is an admirable example of the danger of a little knowledge. We wonder what Yvette would say if we asked her to dance. Our correspondent had better look up disease in his dictionary, and then thank his stars that we are not a schoolmaster behind him with a birch.

A. G. G. (Victoria Park) asks for the names of newspapers relating to flour mills and their equipments. He might try the *Miller* (Mondays, 12s. 6d. per annum), the *Millers' Gazette* (Wednesdays, 3d.), *Milling* (Saturdays, 21s. per annum), "The Roller Mill Manual" (R. B. Owens, 8, Albert Buildings, Liverpool, 1899, 4s. 6d.).

"GUILLED" (Tonbridge) says that at the commencement of the Olympic Games he was asked to put up a poster outside his shop and to give away handbills advertising the games. He was promised some acknowledgment of his service, but so far has failed to obtain any satisfaction for his trouble. Who gave him the commission, and has he anything in writing? It certainly sounds a funny business to induce tradesmen to advertise a show for nothing.

J. P. (Edinburgh) sends us a circular from a certain L. Elwin, who describes himself in a foreign handwriting as "Merchant and Importer, London and Bournemouth." This gentleman advertised for a town traveller to call on shopkeepers in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Their job was to sell "durable tin tickets." On disposing of £5 worth he was to have 25s. After that 10 per cent. This scarcely seems to justify the advertisement which offered "salary and commission," particularly as the agent was expected to buy his own samples. When asked for his address, Mr. Elwin vaguely replied, "The West End."

F. F. J. (Middlesex Hospital) writes that, at the unredeemed pledge shop of Mr. Alfred Newstead, Mortimer Street, W., beneath a row of ladies' knickers for sale was a card with the words: "Hags for the Holidays On Hire." Perhaps the hags were inside somewhere.

E. J. (Llandilo).—We do not see anything funny in the account of the child's death, and, if we did, the "usual price" for biscuits would still be nothing.

J. B. C. (Newcastle) wants a guinea as well as a biscuit for an advertisement requiring a male artificial leg. But we suppose it is a question of size, and we can only run to a biscuit for our correspondent.

E. S. (South Hackney) writes that Messrs. Clarke, Nicholls and Coombs, the well-known confectioners of Hackney Wick, do not and will not buy from St. Thome and Principe whilst the present labour conditions out there exist. Three cheers for "Clarnico"!

Billiards at Home.

You can place one of these tables on your dining room table and lift it off and store against the wall when it is not wanted. In every respect it is a perfect reproduction of the full-sized match table, and gives exactly the same game.

There is no game which gives such continued fascination as Billiards, for fresh possibilities and fresh strokes are always being discovered. Ladies can play this as well as their husbands and brothers. It is a game of skill, combining amusement with recreation.



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CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystal Ball, &c.

Size	Cash	Price.	Or in 12 Monthly	12 Monthly payments of 5/6
4 ft. 4 in. by 8 ft. 4 in.	£23 7 6		Payments as here	7/6
5 ft. 4 in. " 10 "	47 8		shown, being only	8/6
6 ft. 4 in. " 12 "	55 0		5 per cent. on	11/6
7 ft. 4 in. " 14 "	75 0		Cash Price.	15/0
8 ft. 4 in. " 16 "	100 0			

Delivered, Carriage Paid, to any Railway Station at our risk. No charge for Packages. **LISTS FREE.** Folding Bagatelle Tables from 30/-.

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(COMBINED).

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SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
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Superior to anything else on the market for flight and endurance. The Latest and Best.

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and all Defects in Speech effectually CURED by "The Mason Natural System, of 1876," either by correspondence or by personal tuition. The "Practical Guide" (11th Edition), with printed Medical and General testimony to the 32 years' success of the system, is sent to enquirers, post free. A preliminary interview (without charge) can be had by previous appointment.

H. H. MASON, 30, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

R. B. W. (Camberwell).—You are one of the ninety-nine just persons who solved our problem in punctuation.

E. W. (Baron's Court Road) wants to know "why our shops are packed with foreign-made goods and our own countrymen walking about the streets night and day starving and without work." The answer is that consumers find it advantageous to buy foreign-made goods, and that the unemployed are numerous because the people have been divorced from the land, and other nations are now manufacturers; and also because we have practically no business men in the Government.

"JOHN B. L." (Old Ford) has been trying to invent an airship, and is making a clockwork model, but his one difficulty is "getting the gas-bag," which he does not understand how to make. Perhaps some politician can give him a hint. He wants to know what the War Office is likely to give him. Until he has flown about a bit, it is difficult to arrive at a figure, but we should think a few millions would not be out of the way.

"JOHN BULL" (York Road, S.E.) says that the condition of hotel servants is even worse than we stated, especially as regards the sharing of tips. He is employed at an hotel where the head-waiter collars everything. We should advise him to become head-waiter as fast as he can.

R. T. (Wimbledon) says the phrase "ear all," etc., comes from Yorkshire, not Lancashire. He objects to our remarks about Mrs. Jephson, which, however, were kindly meant.

"A SAD-YOU-SKE" (Chalton) sends us a marriage announcement from the *Yorkshire Gazette*, from which it appears that John Jackson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Ringrose, married himself or herself on September 30th.

"FAIR PLAY" (Aberdeen) assures us that there has not been one case of cake-stealing yet proved against anyone in the postal service. He says the officials may be poorly paid, but they have not sunk so low as to eat the wedding cake passing through the post. We beg to point out that we did not endorse the charge.

"GROWLER" (Bristol) writes: "Have you ever considered the injury many provincial traders have received this year through the money which has been attracted to London and spent there chiefly at the Exhibition? Thousands of country towns, seaports, watering places, market towns, inland resorts, etc., etc., are hoping that there will be NO EXHIBITION IN LONDON FOR MANY YEARS. I am brief, but sincere." Now we are briefed, we shall know what to say.

"ANXIOUS" (Newport) should eschew "home employments," which consist in painting postcards for firms which require a preliminary payment. The Lawrence Irwin Company, of University Chambers, Birmingham, ask for 6s., and have often been exposed.

"CROW" (Ystalyfera).—One penny per week damages seems monstrous for the loss of four fingers. We must certainly keep our eye on Judge Bryn Roberts.

"JAY" (Leigh-on-Sea) wants to know of a genuine employment bureau in London. He might try Haggoods, Ltd., 167, Strand, W.C.

L. R. (Billericay) asks: "Why does not the Government employ agents to trace the rightful owner of every acre of land in every county, and, if no legal owner can be found, make it the property of the State, never to be sold again, but leased in limited quantities?" Not a bad idea!

"SCORCHER" (Holloway).—The *Daily Mirror* was quite correct when it said that a Putney cyclist rode 60 miles 970½ yards in 60 minutes. He was little Wills, who did it behind a powerful motor cycle at Munich on August 17th last.

"IX" (London, E.C.) has an infallible system for roulette. If he will send it along, we will tell him what we think of it, though, if it depends upon the "strange characteristics of the numeral 9," we are not very hopeful about it.

J. A. R. (Cavendish Square).—It certainly does sound improbable that there were from 12 to 16 hours of sunshine anywhere in England on October 12th. But as you saw it in print in the *Daily Mail*, you are justified in concluding that Lord Northcliffe obtained an extension.

W. S. (London) wonders whether we are the real John Bull, or only rigged out in his clothing. What does W. S. want us to do?

A. H. H. (Manchester).—We have no further time to waste on Colley—the old fraud.

H. B., who recently wrote an article in defence of the claims of "Spirit Photography," takes exception to the statement of "A Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society," "who asserted that the late Mr. Traill Taylor confessed before his death that, in regard to certain spirit photograph experiments, he had been 'badly duped.'" H. B. thinks that, as Mr. Taylor is prevented, "by reason of death, from defending himself," someone ought to undertake the task. Personally, we should have thought that, if a spirit can sit for a photograph, it could equally send a message to the Press; but H. B. maintains that there is no foundation for the alleged confession, and that Mr. Traill Taylor's successors in the editorial chair of the *Photographic Journal* knew so little of any such confession as to reprint the lecture in which Mr. Taylor described his experiments; and he quotes Mr. Taylor's own strong declarations as to the impossibility of fraud. And there we must leave the matter.

WEAR ALL-WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

WOLSEY

THE UNDERWEAR FOR HEALTH

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The Most Original Paper in England.

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Bed and Breakfast from 6/6. Luncheon, 1/6 and 2/.

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Dinner, 3/- and 4/- Or a la Carte.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND ATTENDANCE INCLUSIVE.

Telegrams: "Surpassing, London." W. LODGE, Manager.
Telephones: 3800 GERRARD.

J. H. S. (Aberdeen).—It must have been rather dispiriting when there were "no wedding bells" at the marriage.
E. D. (Barnard Castle) sends us a paragraph from the *Sunday Chronicle* announcing the birth of the daughter of a jockey. It is headed "Sport of All Kinds." E. D. says she has three dear children, but she "did not call their arrival into the world anything like sport—rather the other way." There is no accounting for tastes.
(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

THE GARDEN CITY AND DRINK.

We have received the following communications with reference to this subject:—

"CONSTANT READER" (Peckham) says:—

In reply to the letter of "Citizen" in your issue of October 24th, the reason why he has seen very little drunkenness on the 10.31 Hitchin to Letchworth train is in consequence of the many complaints made by the regular travellers by this train that the G.N.R. put on a local train to Letchworth and Baldock, and back to Hitchin a few minutes before the London train comes into Hitchin. This local carries all the drunks, and the 10.31 is thus relieved of these objectionables.

L. C. (Hitchin) writes:—

It is absurd for "Citizen" (Letchworth), whose letter appeared in issue of October 24th, to deny the truth of Mr. Bottomley's statement on the subject of secret drinking in Garden City. I know of a case where, on the very day of Mr. Bottomley's speech, four 18-gallon casks of beer were delivered to a workman's cottage. This is no isolated case.

THE SECRETARY OF THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION says:—

Your correspondent, F. B., whose letter is printed on October 24th, does not give you all the facts. There are three licensed houses on the fringe of the Garden City Estate—one at Norton, at the Northern extremity (let to the People's Refreshment House Association, Ltd., whose president is the Bishop of Chester), and two at Willian, on the Southern extremity; one the Fox Inn, let to the People's Refreshment House Association, as above; and the other tied to a local firm of brewers. Norton is fairly close to the factory and small holdings area, but Willian, which has two licences, is in the quiet residential portion, practically out of reach of workmen in the centre of the Garden City. In addition to these three licences on the estate, there are many licensed houses in Baldock, about a mile and a half away from the workmen's houses—so that there is no very great hardship.

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Secretary.

C. F. Richardson, Esq., F.C.A., 39, Lombard
Street, E.C.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Considerate Treatment.

So as to get over her Newmarket race, The Fastnet will not run at Liverpool this week-end, but wait for Derby.

Coincidental.

The victory of Arthur Playfair at Alexandra Park last Saturday would have been peculiarly appropriate. The colt is named after the famous mimic who was the first husband of Miss Lena Ashwell, who was married again on that date.

The Rhodesian Hartigan.

Mr. J. D. Smith, Selukwe, Rhodesia, who dabbles a little in sport as his own trainer and jockey, rode five winners out of six at their recent meeting, and upon his pony, Fillis, beat the South African crack, Ecume, who is by Summer from Spray, and was imported from Austria.

The Money Attracts.

Buenos Ayres is being threatened with an American racing invasion similarly to what was the case here some years ago. It is really a wonder that this has not taken place long before, for there are enormous stakes to be won and such an amount of money passing through the totalisator as to give every inducement.

It has a Basis of Truth.

The senior jockeys say, with truth, that most owners and trainers are "5lb. mad." It is, perhaps, not an altogether unjustified wail now among some of the light-weight horse-men that owners do not want jockeys nowadays, but put up boys not yet in their teens, so long as they claim the allowance.

Prophetic.

Assuming that he has not won at Lincoln while these notes are in the press, I cannot get away from the chance possessed by WHYTE MELVILLE in his Liverpool engagement, preferably, I should say, the Stewards' Plate to-day (Thursday). Friday's Cup will practically be a post betting event, and we may see Menu, who blooms at this time of year, repeat her last sensational victory. Another that has a chance is Silent Lady, for this is just the period for three-year-olds. I am, nevertheless, content to go for

HAYDEN,

who ran so well in the Duke of York Stakes, but against whom the raising of the weights 8lbs. counts very seriously, for he is only a little horse, and cannot carry poundage. I should esteem MENU as the danger. In the Liverpool Nursery; SEISDON SQUIRE may win at last, while on the Sandown form there is nothing to beat

SINTRAM

in Saturday's Hurdle Handicap. Jumping reminds me of the splendid little fixture at Hawthorn Hill on Saturday, in which, if satisfied with this small stake, AMABIT will win—although rather a little horse to carry top weight.

XMAS LOANS A SPECIALITY.

It is essential that applications for loans should be made at once to avoid delay. WM. STANLEY & CO., 271 & 273, Oxford Street, LONDON, W., the old firm of lenders, advance daily from £50 to £5,000. Lowest possible charges. Easy repayment. Distance no object. Strictest privacy. Phone, Gerrard 6087.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

A Genuine Sterling Silver Watch

Hall Marked (Ladies' or Gent's)

Or any other article you may select from our Illustrated List sent with goods. You simply have to sell for us ten articles of handsome Jewellery at 12. 6d. each, which will be sent you post free on sale or return. You undertake to sell these articles at 12. 6d. each and remit cash to us, or, if unable to sell them, return the goods in good condition, within fourteen days from receipt of same. This Jewellery is of the best English manufacture and fully guaranteed. It is a rare collection of handsome Christmas Presents.

We Want No Cash with Order.
We Trust You.

In addition to your prize for each parcel sold, we will send on the parcel selling the largest number and retaining cash to us during the month of November, 1908.

A TEN POUND BANK
OF ENGLAND NOTE.

Send to-day to Dept. 7.

THE LONDON JEWELLERY CO.,
56, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

ARFIE

(Regd.) relieves skin troubles such as Boils, Eczema, Sores, Erysipelas, Blood-poisoning, Bad Legs, Piles, etc.; also Sore and Inflamed Eyes.

"Not temporary relief, but lifelong cure."

Of Chemists—Boots, Ltd., Lewis's, Manchester, or direct, post paid, 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d., from

Arfie, Ltd., Rochester, Kent.

THE CENTRAL
STOCK EXCHANGE, LTD.

(Established 1883).

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FOR

GOOD TERMS ON ALL METHODS.

Low Option Rates, English and French, and Quarterly
Accounts Free of Interest. Pyramid Transactions.

Send for Particulars.

PROMPT PRIVATE ADVANCES.

£100 and upwards to £10,000

ON NOTE OF HAND.

The Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen
requiring an advance should apply personally or by
letter to

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TRADE BILLS DISCOUNTED. NO FEES.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

SEND NO MONEY.

THIS Real Disc Machine and three records given you for
simply selling 7s of our new range of Penny Xmas and New
Year Cards.

We are also giving away Watches, Rings, Air Guns, Musical
Instruments, etc.

IT NEED NOT COST YOU A PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY.

Send name and address (a postcard will do) and we will send per
return 7s Xmas and New Year Cards together with our Xmas presents

Don't
Delay.



Send
To-day.

1st. When sold remit us the money and we will give you a prize from
our list, containing over 100 beautiful gifts. If you do not wish a phono-
graph you may make any other selection from our new presents list.

NEW CARD CO. (Dept. 73),

8, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Stock Exchange.

1908 EDITION 33rd.

The Simplest and Best Guide in every description of Stock
Exchange Transactions.

Contains Highest and Lowest sales for the last 15 years.

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FREEBORN FRANKLIN & Co. (ESTABLISHED 1800),
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IMMEDIATE CASH LOANS

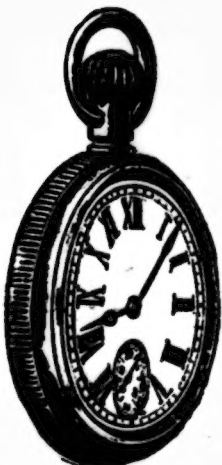
£20 to £5,000 lent on your approved note of hand
WITHOUT SURETIES OR SECURITIES.

Distance no object. No fees. Strictly confidential. Apply personally or letter.

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,

12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

Telephone: CENTRAL 9712.



Stomach Troubles

ARE DUE TO GERM ATTACKS.

If you suffer from Stomach or Bowel Troubles or Liver and Heart Troubles resulting therefrom—Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Diarrhoea, etc., etc., the cause is due either directly or indirectly to germs. You cannot expect a real cure until these germs and their poisons are removed.

Liquozone cures Stomach Troubles because it kills germs. It is not like other germicides, which are poisons when taken internally, but a harmless germicide which acts as a tonic. Liquozone is not a mixture of drugs. It is a scientific product, and the formula is printed on the label of every bottle. The treatment is both local and internal. The germs that cause Stomach Trouble perish at its touch, because they are of vegetable origin.

Liquozone is now used almost the world over in the treatment of Stomach Troubles. Countless cured ones know from experience that it does what nothing else can do. Its effects are so certain and so immediate that we issue a certificate of guarantee which covers a two months' test at our financial risk.

Liquozone A 2/3 BOTTLE FREE.

We ask you to try this product at our expense. Don't treat Stomach Troubles in harmful ineffective ways. If you need Liquozone and have never tried it, we will send you a bottle, the same large size that chemists sell for 2s. 6d. Please send us this coupon and 4d. in stamps. This is for postage and is the exact cost to us. The Liquozone is free, and there is no charge for packing. It is our free gift, made to convince you, to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever. Liquozone costs 1/4, 2/3 and 4/6.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill in the blank spaces, and post it to the British Liquozone Co., Ltd., 60, Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

I am suffering from.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me with a 2/3 bottle free I will take it. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.

Name
Street
Town
County 60-

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA A PIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of September 12th, 12th, and 20th:—

- W. O. RICHARD, 12, Victoria Promenade, Northampton. (No. 55595—September 12th.)
- Mrs. K. P. ARMSTRONG, St. John's, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. (No. 120096—September 12th.)
- S. J. POUND, Folly, Ditchat, Somerset. (No. 104378—September 12th.)
- H. HODGE, 54, Thompson Road, Sheffield. (No. 4153—September 12th.)
- O. H. LEO, Jun., 29, Cavendish Street, Sheffield. (No. 42870—September 12th.)
- T. K. LOW, 51, Marshall Road, Eltham, Kent. (No. 72547—September 12th.)
- FRANK WATSON, 40, Byron Street, Derby. (No. 130238—September 12th.)
- G. HICKINGBOTHAM, 10, Ellis Street, Craven Street, Holderness Road, Hull. (No. 40080—September 20th.)
- B. H. WOOD, 81, Westcombe Hill, Blackheath. (No. 151065—September 20th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 3:—
1695; 3022; 6443; 13551; 13710; 26545; 27642;
29271; 43668; 50250; 53931; 59524; 60961; 63320;
71007; 72907; 73394; 76792; 86078; 87597; 94372;
96238; 102718; 107634; 112516; 123224; 123544;
128820; 130083; 133508; 139674; 140544; 143244;
145020; 148774; 150845; 152175; 162022; 166014;
170637; 176366; 180859; 181341; 188870; 196697;
208182; 209347; 215536; 218793; 222275.

INITIAL NOTICES SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECORDED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 12th (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 10th).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

- TWO PIANOS.
- TWENTY BICYCLES.
- ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
- ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
- ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
- TEN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
- TEN LADIES' DRESSING BAGS.
- ONE HUNDRED WALKING STICKS.
- SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
- TWENTY DINNER SERVICES.
- FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
- ONE HUNDRED PURSES.
- ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.
- ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
- ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
- ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
- FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
- ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
- ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
- ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
- ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
- TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
- ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
- ONE HUNDRED GEMS.
- FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.
- ONE HUNDRED HUBER FOUNTAIN PENS.
- ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF BROOK'S CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time. NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned on a similar basis amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others will apportion the gifts—their decision is to be final:—

MORRIS BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P. (Editor).

HERBERT VIVIAN, Esq.

J. S. ELIAS, Esq., Director and Manager of Odhams Limited.

And others to be subsequently announced.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

In view of the heavy work involved in the examination of claims, we shall be obliged if our readers will send in any coupons they may have in hand for the month of October; and, further, if they will adopt a similar course at the end of this month.

COUPON.

To be posted to, or left at, the Publishing Offices of JOHN BULL, 67, Long Ago, London, W.C., singly or in any quantities, at the end of November, but not later than six o'clock on the evening of December 15th.

I have sent, or handed, a copy of JOHN BULL to

of.....

with whom I am personally acquainted, and have recommended him (or her) to become a regular reader of it; and in the event of my securing one of your Christmas Prizes, I am prepared, if requested by the Prize Committee, to give any further information which they may reasonably require.

Name

Address.....

Write distinctly.

NOTE.—This coupon may be cut out of the paper you send or hand to your friend or acquaintance.

7/11/08.

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TEA-TIME

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*Though tea time may vary
from east to the west
Our tea never varies:
it's always the best.
It's Pearks.*

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Head Office: 6, Bayer Street, London, E.C.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 35 and 36, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Publishing Office, 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Applications for Advertisement Space in "JOHN BULL" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED
(Advertisement Department), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 7217.